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Selections.

POSITION AND RELATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN PARTIES.

SPEECH OF THE HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Delivered at Rochester, Monday, Oct. 25, 1858.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The unmistakable outbreaks of zeal which occur all around me show that you are earnest men—and such a man am I. Let us, therefore, at least for a time, pass by all secondary and collateral questions, whether of a personal or of a general nature, and consider the main subject of the present canvass. The Democratic party—or, to speak more accurately, the party which wears that attractive name—is in possession of the Federal Government. The Republicans propose to dislodge that party and dismiss it from its high trust.

The main subject, then, is whether the Democratic party deserves to retain the confidence of the American people. In attempting to prove it unworthy, I think that I am not actuated by prejudices against that party, or by prepossessions in favor of its adversary; for I have learned, by some experience, that virtue and patriotism, vice and selfishness, are found in all parties, and that they differ less in their motives than in the policies they pursue. Our country is a theatre which exhibits, in full operation, two radically different political systems—the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor; the other on the basis of voluntary labor of freemen. The laborers who are enslaved are all negroes, or persons more or less purely of African derivation. *But this is only accidental.* The principle of the system is that labor, in every society, by whomsoever performed, is necessarily unintellectual, grovelling and base, and that the laborer, equally for his own good and for the welfare of the State, ought to be enslaved. The white laboring man, whether native or foreigner, is not enslaved only because he cannot, as yet, be reduced to bondage. You need not be told now that the slave system is the older of the two, and that once it was universal. The emancipation of our own ancestors, Caucasians and Europeans, as they were, hardly dates beyond a period of five hundred years. The great melioration of human society which modern times exhibit is mainly due to the substitution of the old system of voluntary labor for the old one of servile labor, which has already taken place. This African slave system is one which, in its origin and its growth, has been altogether foreign from the habits of the races which colonized these States and established civilization here. It was introduced on this new continent as an engine of conquest, and for the establishment of monarchical power by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, and was rapidly extended by them over all South America, Central America, Louisiana and Mexico. Its legitimate fruits are seen in the poverty, imbecility and anarchy which now pervade all Portuguese and Spanish America. The free labor system is of German extraction, and it was established in our country by emigrants from Sweden, Holland, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland.

We justly ascribe to its influence the strength, wealth, greatness, intelligence and freedom which the whole American people now enjoy. One of the chief elements of the value of human life is freedom in the pursuit of happiness. The slave system is not only intolerant, unjust and inhuman towards the laborer, whom, only because he is a laborer, it loads down with chains and converts into merchandise, but scarcely less so to the freeman, to whom, only because he is a laborer from necessity, it denies facilities for employment, and whom it expels from the community because it cannot enslave and convert him into merchandise also. It is necessarily improvident and ruinous, because, as a general truth, communities prosper and flourish, or droop and decline, in just the degree that they practise or neglect to practise the primary duties of justice and humanity. The free labor system conforms to the divine law of equality, which is written in the hearts and consciences of men, and therefore is always and everywhere beneficent.

The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce wealth and resources for defence, to the lowest degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against any mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement. The free labor system educates all alike, and, by opening all the fields of industrial employment and all the departments of authority to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men, at once secures universal contentment and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral and social energies of the whole State. In States where the slave system prevails, the masters, directly or indirectly, secure all political power, and constitute a ruling aristocracy. In the States where the free labor system prevails, universal suffrage necessarily obtains, and the State inevitably becomes, sooner or later, a Republic or Democracy.

Russia yet maintains slavery, and is a despotism. Most of the other European States have abolished slavery and adopted a system of free labor. It was the antagonistic political tendencies of the two systems which the first Napoleon was contemplating when he predicted that Europe would ultimately be either all Cossack or all Republican. Never did human sagacity utter a more pregnant truth. The two systems are at once perceived to be incongruous. But they are more than incongruous, they are incompatible. They never have permanently existed together in one country, *and they never can.* It would be easy to demonstrate this impossibility, from the irreconcilable contrast between their great principles and characteristics. But the experience of mankind has conclusively established it. Slavery, as I have already intimated, existed in every State in Europe. Free labor has supplanted it everywhere except in Russia and Turkey. State necessities, developed in modern times, are now obliging even those two nations to encourage and employ free labor, and already, despotic as they are, we find them engaged in abolishing slavery. In the United States slavery came into collision with free labor at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems that every new State which is organized within our ever-extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and an exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war, if necessary. The slave States, without law, at the last national election, forbade, within their own limits, even the casting of votes for a candidate for President of the United States supposed to be favorable to the establishment of the free labor system in new States.

Hitherto the two systems have existed in different States, but side by side, within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect, the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact, and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that *the United States must and will, sooner or later, become entirely a slaveholding nation, or entirely a free labor nation.* Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral. Startling as this saying may appear to you, fellow-citizens, it is by no means an original or even a modern one. Our forefathers knew it to be true, and unanimously acted upon it, when they framed the Constitution of the United States. They regarded the existence of the servile system in so many of the States with sorrow and shame, which they openly confessed, and they looked upon the collision between them, which was then just revealing itself, and which we are now accustomed to deplore, with favor and hope. They knew that either the one or the other system must exclusively prevail.

Unlike too many of those who, in modern time, invoke their authority, they had a choice between the two. They preferred the system of free labor, and they determined so to organize the government, and so to direct its activity, that that system should surely and certainly prevail. For this purpose, and no other, they based the whole structure of government broadly on the principle that all men are created equal, and, therefore, free—little dreaming that within the short period of one hundred years their descendants would bear to be told by any orator, however popular, that the utterance of that principle was merely a rhetorical rhapsody; or by any judge, however venerated, that it was attended by mental reservations, which rendered it hypocritical and false. By the Ordinance of 1787 they dedicated all of the national domain, not yet polluted by slavery, to free labor immediately, thenceforth and forever, while, by the new Constitution and laws, they invited foreign free labor from all lands under the sun, and interdicted the importation of African slave labor at all times, in all places and under all circumstances whatsoever. It is true that they necessarily and wisely modified this policy of freedom, by leaving it to the several States, affected as they were by differing circumstances, to abolish slavery in their own way and at their own pleasure, instead of confiding that duty to Congress, and that they secured to the slave States, while yet retaining the system of slavery, a three-fifths representation of slaves in the Federal Government, until they should find themselves able to relinquish it with safety. But the very nature of these modifications fortifies my position that the fathers knew that the two systems could not endure within the Union, and expected that within a short period slavery would disappear forever. Moreover, in order that these modifications might not altogether defeat their grand design of a Republic maintaining universal equality, they provided that two-thirds of the States might amend the Constitution.

It remains to say on this point only one word to guard against misapprehension. If these States are again to become universally slaveholding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the Constitution that end shall be accomplished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, *I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States, coöperating with the Federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective Constitutions.*

The strife and contentions concerning slavery, which gently disposed persons habitually deprecate, is nothing more than the ripening of the conflict which the Fathers themselves not only thus regarded with favor, but which they may be said to have instituted.

It is not to be denied, however, that thus far the course of that contest has not been according to their humane anticipations and wishes. In the field of Federal politics, slavery, deriving unlooked-for advantages from commercial changes and energies, and unforeseen from the faculties of combination between members of the slaveholding class and between that class and other property classes, early rallied, and has at length made a stand, not merely to retain its original defensive position, but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union. It is certain that the slaveholding class of American citizens indulge this high ambition, and that they derive encouragement for it from the rapid and effective political success which they have already obtained. The plan of operation is this: By continued appliances of patronage, and threats of disunion, they will keep a majority favorable to these designs in the Senate, where each State has an equal representation. Through that majority they will defeat, as they best can, the admission of free States, and secure the admission of slave States. Under the protection of the Judiciary they will, on the principle of the Dred Scott case, carry slavery into all the Territories of the United States now existing and hereafter to be organized. By the action of the President and the Senate, using the treaty-making power, they will annex foreign slaveholding States. In a favorable conjuncture they will induce Congress to repeal the Act of 1808, which prohibits the foreign slave trade, and so they will import from Africa, at the cost of only twenty dollars a head, slaves enough to fill up the interior of the continent. Thus relatively increasing the number of slave States, they will allow no amendment to the Constitution prejudicial to their interest, and so, having permanently established their power, they expect the Federal Judiciary to nullify all State laws which shall interfere with internal or foreign commerce in slaves. When the free States shall be sufficiently demoralized to tolerate these designs, they reasonably conclude that slavery will be accepted by those States themselves. I shall not stop to show how speedy or how complete would be the ruin which the accomplishment of these slaveholding schemes would bring upon the country. For one, I should not remain in the country to test the sad experiment. Having spent my manhood, though not my whole life, in a free State, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slaveholders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures and trade, which were innocent and beneficent, I shall never be a denizen of a State where men and women are reared as cattle, and bought and sold as merchandise. When that evil day shall come, and all further effort at resistance shall be impossible, then, if there shall be no better hope for redemption than I can now foresee, I shall say with Franklin, while looking abroad over the whole earth for a new and more congenial home, "Where Liberty dwells there is my country."

You will tell me that these fears are extravagant and chimerical. I answer, they are so, but they are so only because the designs of the slaveholders must and can be defeated. But it is only the possibility of defeat that renders them so. They cannot be defeated by inactivity. There is no escape from them compatible with non-resistance. How, then, and in what way, shall the necessary resistance be made? There is only one way. The Democratic party must be permanently dislodged from the government. The reason is that *the Democratic party is inextricably committed to the designs of the slaveholders, which I have described.* Let me be well understood. I do not charge that the Democratic candidates for public office now before the people are pledged, much less that the Democratic masses who support them really adopt those atrocious and dangerous designs. Candidates may, and generally do, mean to act justly, wisely and patriotically, when they shall be elected; but they become the ministers and servants, not the dictators, of the power which elects them. The policy which a party shall pursue at a future period is only gradually developed, depending on the occurrence of events never fully foreknown. The motives of men, whether acting as electors or in any other capacity, are generally pure. Nevertheless, it is not more true that "Hell is paved with good intentions" than it is that earth is covered with wrecks resulting from innocent and amiable motives.

The very constitution of the Democratic party commits it to execute all the designs of the slaveholders, whatever they may be. It is not a party of the whole Union, of all the free States and all of the slave States; nor yet is it a party of the free States in the North and in the North-West; but it is a sectional and local party, having, practically, its seat within the slave States, and counting its constituency chiefly and almost exclusively there. Of all its representatives in Congress and in the electoral colleges, two-thirds uniformly come from these States. Its great element of strength lies in the vote of the slaveholders, augmented by the representation of three-fifths of the slaves. Deprive the Democratic party of this strength, and it would be a helpless and hopeless minority, incapable of continued organization. The Democratic party, being thus local and sectional, acquires new strength from the admission of every new slave State, and loses relatively by the admission of every new free State into the Union. A party is in one sense a joint-stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slaveholders contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the Democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do so with a show of fairness and justice. If it were possible to conceive for a moment that the Democratic party should disobey the behests of the slaveholders, we should then see a withdrawal of the slaveholders, which would leave the party to perish. The portion of the party which is found in the free States is a mere appendage, convenient to modify its sectional character, without impairing its sectional constitution, and is less effective in regulating its movement than the nebulous tail of the comet is in determining the appointed though apparently eccentric course of the fiery sphere from which it emanates. To expect the Democratic party to resist slavery and favor freedom is as unreasonable as to look for Protestant missionaries to the Catholic Propaganda of Rome. The history of the Democratic party commits it to the policy of slavery. It has been the Democratic party, and no other agency, which has carried that policy up to its present alarming culmination. Without stopping to ascertain, critically, the origin of the present Democratic party, we may concede its claim to date from the era of good feeling which occurred under the administration of President Monroe. At that time in this State, and about that time in many others of the free States, the Democratic party deliberately disfranchised the free colored or African citizen, and it has pertinaciously continued this disfranchisement ever since. This was an effective aid to slavery; for while the slaveholder votes for his slaves against freedom, the freed slave, in the free States, is prohibited from voting against slavery. In 1824, the Democracy resisted the election of John Quincy Adams—himself before that time an acceptable Democrat—and in 1828 it expelled him from the Presidency, and put a slaveholder in his place, although the office had been filled by slaveholders thirty-two out of forty years. In 1836, Martin Van Buren—the first non-slaveholding citizen of a free State to whose election the Democratic party ever consented—signalized his inauguration into the Presidency by a gratuitous announcement that under no circumstances would he approve a bill for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. From 1838 to 1844, the subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and in the national dock-yards and arsenals, was brought before Congress by repeated popular appeals. The Democratic party thereupon promptly denied the right of petition and effectually suppressed the freedom of speech in Congress, so far as the institution of slavery was concerned.

From 1840 to 1843 good and wise men counselled that Texas should remain outside of the Union until she should consent to relinquish her self-instituted slavery; but the Democratic party precipitated her admission into the Union, not only without that condition, but even with a covenant that the State might be divided and reorganized so as to constitute four slave States instead of one.

In 1846, when the United States became involved in a war with Mexico, and it was apparent that the struggle would end in the dismemberment of that Republic, which was a non-slaveholding power, the Democratic party rejected a declaration that slavery should not be established within the territory to be acquired. When, in 1850, governments were to be instituted in the Territories of California and New Mexico, the fruits of that war, the Democratic party refused to admit New Mexico as a free State, and only consented to admit California as a free State on the condition, as it has since explained the transaction, of leaving all of New Mexico and Utah open to slavery, to which was also added the concession of perpetual slavery in the District of Columbia, and the passage of an unconstitutional, cruel and humiliating law, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, with a further stipulation that the subject of slavery should never again be agitated in either chamber of Congress. When, in 1854, the slaveholders were contentedly reposing on these great advantages, then so recently won, the Democratic party unnecessarily, officiously and with superserviceable liberality, awaked them from their slumber, to offer and force on their acceptance the abrogation of the law which declared that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist within that part of the ancient Territory of Louisiana which lay outside of the State of Missouri and north of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. of north latitude, a law which, with the exception of one other, was the only statute of freedom then remaining in the Federal code.

In 1856, when the people of Kansas had organized a new State within the region thus abandoned to slavery, and applied to be admitted as a free State into the Union, the Democratic party contemptuously rejected their petition, and drove them, with menaces and intimidations, from the halls of Congress, and armed the President with military power to enforce their submission to a slave code, established over them by fraud and usurpation. At every subsequent stage of the contest which has since raged in Kansas, the Democratic party has lent its sympathies, its aid, and all the powers of the Government which it controlled, to enforce slavery upon that unwilling and injured people. And now, even to this day, while it mocks us with the assurance that Kansas is free, the Democratic party keeps the State excluded from her just and proper place in the Union, under the hope that she may yet be dragooned into the acceptance of slavery. The Democratic party, finally, has procured from a supreme judiciary, fixed in its interest, a decree that slavery exists, by force of the Constitution, in every Territory of the United States, paramount to all legislative authority, either within the Territory or residing in Congress.

Such is the Democratic party. It has no policy, State or Federal, for finance, or trade, or manufactures, or commerce, or education, or internal improvements, or for the protection or even the security of civil or religious liberty. It is positive and uncompromising in the interest of slavery—negative, compromising and vacillating in regard to everything else. It boasts its love of equality, and wastes its strength and even its life in fortifying the only aristocracy known in the land. It professes fraternity, and, so often as slavery requires, allies itself with proscription. It magnifies itself for conquests in foreign lands, but it sends the national eagle forth always with chains and not the olive branch in his fangs.

This dark record shows you, fellow-citizens, what I was unwilling to announce at an earlier stage of this argument—that of the whole nefarious schedule of slaveholding designs which I have submitted to you, the Democratic party has left only one yet to be consummated—the abrogation of the law which forbids the African slave trade.

Now, I know very well that the Democratic party has, at every stage of these proceedings, disavowed the motive and the policy of fortifying and extending slavery, and has excused them on entirely different and more plausible grounds. But the inconsistency and frivolity of these pleas prove still more conclusively the guilt I charge upon that party. It must indeed necessarily excuse such guilt before mankind, and even to the consciences of its own adherents. There is an instinctive abhorrence of slavery, and an inborn and adhering love of freedom, in the human heart, which render palliation of such gross misconduct indispensable. It disfranchised the free African on the ground of a fear that if left to enjoy the right of suffrage he might seduce the free white citizen into amalgamation with his wronged and despised race. The Democratic party condemned and deposed John Quincy Adams because he expended twelve millions a year, while it justifies his favored successor in spending seventy millions, eighty millions, and even an hundred millions a year. It denies emancipation in the District of Columbia, even with compensation to masters and the consent of the people, on the ground of an implied constitutional inhibition, although the Constitution expressly confers upon Congress sovereign legislative power in that district, and although the Democratic party is tenacious of the principle of strict construction. It violated the express provisions of the Constitution in suppressing petition and debate on the subject of slavery through fear of disturbance of the public harmony, although it claims that the electors have a right to instruct their Representatives, and even demand their resignation in case of contumacy. It extended slavery over Texas and connived at the attempt to spread it across the Mexican Territories, even to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, under a plea of enlarging the area of freedom. It abrogated the Mexican slave law and the Missouri Compromise prohibition of slavery in Kansas, not to open the new Territories to slavery, but to try therein the new and fascinating theories of non-intervention and Popular Sovereignty; and, finally, it overthrew both these new and elegant systems by the English Lecompton bill and the Dred Scott decision, on the ground that the free States ought not to enter the Union without a population equal to the representative basis of one member of Congress, although slave States might come in without inspection as to their numbers.

Will any member of the Democratic party now here claim that the authorities chosen by the suffrages of the party transcended their partisan platforms, and so misrepresented the party in the various transactions I have recited? Then I ask him to name one Democratic statesman or legislator, from Van Buren to Walker, who either timidly or cautiously, like them, or boldly and defiantly, like Douglas, ever refused to execute a behest of the slaveholders, and was not therefore, and for no other cause, immediately denounced, and deposed from his trust, and repudiated by the Democratic party for that contumacy.

I think, fellow-citizens, that I have shown you that it is high time for the friends of freedom to rush to the rescue of the Constitution, and that their very first duty is to dismiss the Democratic party from the administration of the government. Why shall it not be done? All agree that it ought to be done. What then shall prevent its being done? Nothing but timidity or division of the opponents of the Democratic party. Some of these opponents start one objection and some another. Let us notice these objections briefly. One class say that they cannot trust the Republican party; that it has not avowed its hostility to slavery boldly enough, or its affection for freedom earnestly enough.

I ask, in reply, is there any other party which can be more safely trusted? Every one knows that it is the Republican party, or none, that shall displace the Democratic party. But I answer, further, that *the character and fidelity of any party are determined, necessarily, not by its pledges, programmes and platforms, but by the public exigencies and the temper of the people when they call it into activity.* Subserviency to slavery, is a law written, not only on the forehead of the Democratic party, but also in its very soul. So resistance to slavery and devotion to freedom, the popular elements now actively working for the Republican party among the people, must and will be the resources for its ever-renewing strength and constant invigoration.

Others cannot support the Republican party because it has not sufficiently exposed its platform and determined what it will do and what it will not do, when triumphant. It may prove too progressive for some and too conservative for others. As if any party ever foresaw so clearly the course of future events as to plan a universal scheme for future action, adapted to all possible emergencies. Who would ever have joined even the Whig party of the Revolution if it had been obliged to answer, in 1775, whether it would declare for Independence in 1776, and for this noble Federal Constitution of ours, in 1787, and not a year earlier or later? The people of the United States will be as wise next year, and the year afterwards, and even ten years hence, as we are now. They will oblige the Republican party to act as the public welfare and interests of justice and humanity shall require, through all the stages of its career, whether of trial or triumph.

Others will not venture an effort because they fear that the Union would not endure the change. Will such objectors tell me how long a Constitution can bear a strain directly along the fibres of which it is composed? This is a Constitution of freedom. It is being converted into a Constitution of slavery. It is a republican Constitution. It is being made an aristocratic one. Others may wish to wait until some collateral questions concerning temperance or the exercise of the elective franchise are properly settled. Let me ask such a person whether time enough has not been wasted on these points already, without gaining any other than this single advantage, namely, the discovery that only one thing can be effectually done at one time, and that the one thing which must and will be done at any one time is just that thing which is most urgent and will no longer admit of postponement or delay. Finally, we are told by faint-hearted men that they despond; the Democratic party, they say, is unconquerable, and the dominion of slavery is consequently inevitable. I reply to them that the complete and universal dominion of slavery would be intolerable enough when it should have come after the last possible effort at escape should have been made. There would in that case be left to us the consoling reflection of fidelity to duty.

But I reply further, that I know—few, I think, know better than I—the resources and energies of the Democratic party, which is identical with the Slave Power. I do ample prestige to its traditional popularity. I know further—few, I think, know better than I—the disadvantages and difficulties of organizing a new political force like the Republican party, and the obstacles it must encounter in laboring without prestige and without patronage. But, notwithstanding all this, I know that the Democratic party must go down, and the Republican party must rise in its place. The Democratic party derived its strength originally from its adoption of the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. So long as it practised this principle faithfully, it was invulnerable. It became vulnerable when it renounced it; and since that time it has maintained itself, not by virtue of its own strength, or even of its traditional merits, but because there as yet had appeared in the political field no other party that had the conscience and the courage to take up and avow and practice the life-inspiring principle which the Democratic party had surrendered. At last the Republican party has appeared. It avows now, as the Republican party of 1800 did, in one word, its faith and its works: "Equal and exact justice to all men." Even when it first entered the field, only half organized, it struck a blow which only just failed to secure a complete and triumphant victory. In this, its second campaign, it has already won advantages which render that triumph now both easy and certain.

The secret of its assured success lies in the very characteristic which, in the mouth of scoffers, constitutes its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is a party of one idea; but that idea is a noble one—an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they are all equal before the Divine Tribunal and Divine Laws.

I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward. Twenty senators and a hundred representatives proclaim boldly in Congress to-day sentiments and opinions, and principles of freedom, which hardly so many men, even in this free State, dared to utter in their own homes twenty years ago. While the Government of the United States, under the conduct of the Democratic party, has been all that time surrendering one plain and castle after another to slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields and all the castles which have been lost, and to confound and overthrow, by one decisive blow, the betrayers of the Constitution and of Freedom forever.

THE GREAT AFRICAN COTTON FIELD.

From The (London) Daily Telegraph.

So far back as the summer of 1850, Earl Grey, then Colonial Secretary, entertained the idea that cotton could be grown advantageously on the Gold Coast. In a despatch addressed to the Governor, Sir William Winniett, he expressed his belief that it only required ensuring a market for the product of their toil to induce the natives to be as zealous in cultivating cotton as they had been in growing Indian corn and ground-nuts, and producing palm-oil. There was great justness and truth in the remarks of Earl Grey. From a scheme recently organized on the Gold Coast, on the plan suggested by him, that settlement is now in a position to take up the cultivation of cotton, and to take it up on the most extensive scale. A notion seems to have got into the heads of the board of directors of the Cotton Supply Association in Manchester that, after the slave States of America, India is the best adapted part of the world for the present to supply the European market with cotton. The notion is quite a mistaken one. If there be any country more capable than another of largely supplying the wants, not only of the cotton market of England, but of the whole world, it is the west coast of Africa. The success of Mr. Clegg's single-handed and benevolent endeavors is a confirmation of that opinion. Still more so is the recent report of Commodore Wise to Rear-Admiral the Honorable Sir Frederick William Grey, received just a month ago by the Committee of Privy Council for Trade. In that report the commodore says that cotton grows wild and uncultivated in great profusion, and with vast rapidity, along the whole coast of Guinea; in the neighborhood of Sierra Leone and to the northward, especially up the rivers inland; in all the Byonga country; in the republic of Liberia, extending from Shebar to the River Pedro, and for sixty miles inland; throughout the Bight of Benin; in the districts inland of the Bight of Biafra, from the mouths of the Bonny, Niger, Old Calabar and Cameroons Rivers, and in the whole province of Angola, especially near the Rivers Coonsa, Bengo and Daude. In short, cotton grows abundantly and is indigenous everywhere in the whole western part of Africa. Moreover, the seasons are so well marked that proper care need only be paid to the period of planting to prevent any loss being sustained from wet during the opening of the pod, and, on the other hand, there is little probability of the cultivation suffering from drought. From the nature of the soil and the regularity of the seasons, the cultivation of cotton can thus be prosecuted with the greatest success in Western Africa. After the plant has been fully established, the yield per acre will, doubtless, be equal in quantity and quality to that obtained in Georgia. Without there being any necessity of resorting, as in the isles of Carolina, to the aid of costly and exhausting manures, the finest kind of cotton—that known as Sea-island—can be obtained in all places bordering on the ocean, such as the Gold Coast, to which our observations for the present are more particularly confined, where the two great requisites for its produce exist—sea air and periodical inundation by rain.

Thus one part of Earl Grey's anticipation eight years ago is true. The Gold Coast is capable of furnishing the English market with a supply of cotton—it may be added, to an unlimited extent. The other part of Earl Grey's anticipation is not less correct. The natives will enter heartily into the production of cotton if the colonists will only give the start to its cultivation. The natives have the inclination, they only want the impetus. Stimulate them, and the labor now partially discontinued will be resumed. It was once popular amongst them, why should it not become so again? From time immemorial they have woven their own clothes from the cotton grown by themselves. It is only of late years that its culture has been checked. The extended communication between the coast towns and the interior has effected this. Now the kings, chiefs, captains and head men prefer the light, gaudy and cheap manufactures of Manchester to their plain native fabrics. This fact established, removes the objection which persons raise whenever any suggestion is thrown out with regard to any new enterprise in Africa—"Oh, the people do not understand it; and it would cost a fortune and take a lifetime to overcome their prejudices and their ignorance." This remark may be true, or it may be the mere expression of the prejudiced mind. With reference to cotton cultivation it is neither just nor true. The natives do understand its culture, and I am persuaded they will embark zealously in it, now that they are encouraged by the colonists, who have secured a market for the produce of their toil.

From intelligence brought by the last African mail, we learn that an agricultural society, which the Honorable Robert Dalrymple Ross had the good luck to get formed on the Gold Coast in June, 1857, under the auspices of Sir Benjamin Pine, had held its first meeting on the 22d of July last, when it was agreed that the cotton plant could be grown advantageously on the Gold Coast, and that central factories should be at once established for ginning, cleaning, packing and preparing for exportation the cotton grown by the natives and brought for sale to those central stations, at a fair and remunerative price, to be fixed and regulated by the committee of the society. For the movement to be eminently successful, it must be assisted by the united efforts of the local and Imperial governments, and, above all, by the Cotton Supply Association in Manchester.

Upon the above *The* (London) *Statesman* comments thus:

If the leading men of Manchester had followed up Earl Grey's suggestion in 1850, with proper spirit, they might have been, by this time, receiving a large portion of the raw material from what was formerly called the Slave Coast of Africa. If the Anti-Slavery Society had been as zealous in the cause of freedom as it professes to be, it would not have allowed so fine an opportunity to be neglected as it has been during all these eight years. But the members of that Society seem to have been affected by a strange mysterious torpor ever since Mr. Sturge and the Americanized Peace party have had the upper hand. Messrs. Bright and Sturge are the main-springs of every Quaker movement; and, as those two leaders do nothing which is likely to offend American friends, the result is that the energies of the Society are [illegible] diverted into wrong channels.

A QUAKER IN EXILE.

From The Evening Post.

THE account which Mr. James L. Bowers, the Maryland Quaker, gives of the brutalities to which he has been recently subjected by the slaveholders of Kent County is a most remarkable example both of the power of that class in communities where they form a small minority, and of their arrogance and disregard of the rights of others when they imagine that the institution which gives them their consequence and their social rank is in danger. Maryland is by some good-natured people scarcely esteemed a slave State. Its free population is half a million, and it has but ninety thousand people held in bondage. Those who look to the extinction of slavery as near at hand talk of Maryland as a State in which slavery is dying out. Let our readers look over the story of the Maryland Quaker, and judge for themselves whether slavery does not yet possess a powerful vitality in Maryland. It has its roots everywhere; it is able to silence every adverse expression of popular opinion; it controls the press, it influences the legislature and procures such laws to be enacted as suits its pleasure; and when it deems the laws inadequate to its purpose, it sets them aside, suborns mobs, administers Lynch law, drives out of the State men who have committed no offence against the laws, and resorts to every brutal method of suppression that seems likely to answer the purpose. Such are the results of slavery, even in those parts of the Union where the slaves are fewest in number. The slaveholding aristocracy is the most cowardly of all aristocracies. It lives in constant fear of overthrow; it knows that it has a bad name; that the opinion of the world is against it, and, as those are apt to do who are conscious of standing in general discredit, it puts on a bold face, and plays the bully where it has the opportunity, and the ruffian where it has the power.

We published some time since an account of the first outrage practised on Mr. Bowers. His offence was that of bearing his plain Quaker testimony against slavery, as John Woolman formerly did when he visited the Southern States as a missionary from the city of Penn, and convinced his brother Friends—who remain convinced to this day—of the wrong of holding their fellow-men in bondage. The coat of tar and feathers applied to the back of Mr. Bowers last summer was found not to be a sufficient admonition, and he has therefore now been [illegible] a crew of bullies, armed with guns and pistols, of whom a member of Congress, J. B. Ricaud, was the comrade and leader, went at early dawn to the house of Mr. Bowers's sister, adjoining his estate, where he was with his wife, who was in childbed, forced him to go with them to the next railway station, and sent him out of the State. The Maryland slaveholders are early risers; they take time by the forelock.

Mr. Bowers, according to a statement made by one of his friends in *The Tribune* of this morning, is a man of spirit and courage; he maintains that the large majority of the people of Kent County—the middle and lower class—are with him in this matter, and that only the slaveholders, who are few, though powerful, are against him. It may be as he says; but if there exists such a public opinion in Maryland, it is timid, unenterprising and apathetic, and nothing is to be expected from it at present. It needs to be thoroughly roused by a stinging sense of wrong; it needs expression through the press; it should have its journals; it should have its organization; the Republican party should be introduced and installed, and then the popular feeling will make itself formidable, and the aristocracy will be compelled to respect it.

We recollect another example of the manner in which the slaveholders of Maryland overbear the less opulent part of the population. A few months since there appeared in the Baltimore *American*—a respectable daily journal, and possessing a reputation for the moderation of its views—an article in which great complaint was made of the escape of slaves from the Maryland plantations, and, after a rather elaborate statement of the losses which the planters suffer in this way, the necessity of some remedy was strongly insisted on. A short time afterwards a slaveholders' convention was held in the northern part of Maryland, at which Senator Pearce was present. A series of resolutions was offered, and, after a speech from that Senator, was adopted, in which the frequent flight of slaves from Maryland to the free States was spoken of as an intolerable grievance, and Lynch law recommended as the remedy. If our recollection be right, this same Ricaud, who headed the armed bullies engaged in the recent outrage on Mr. Bowers, was present at the meeting, and took part in its proceedings.

Thus it is that, by instigations to violence and threats of mob law, the free expression of opinion in regard to slavery is put down in Maryland. Freedom of speech in a community seems to depend on the recognition of personal freedom in all classes. Wherever slavery is introduced a despotic oligarchy is created, which allows no more liberty of speech than is permitted in Austria.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23, 1858.

Allow me to call your attention to a communication in *The North American*—a copy of which I herewith send you—and to state a few facts not therein mentioned.

James L. Bowers, the writer of the article, is a reputable and well-known citizen of Kent County, Md. He is connected by blood and marriage with some of the most respectable families of this city, of Baltimore, and of his native Eastern Shore. His father was an anti-slavery man of the old school, and a member of the now defunct Kent County (Md.) Abolition Society—a man who spoke freely his opinions on slavery, as on all other subjects. The son is like unto his father. He hates slavery, and doesn't care who knows it; he sympathizes with the oppressed, and is a subscriber to *The Tribune.* That such a man would be an eyesore to his slaveholding neighbors is a matter of course. It has been their effort for years to get rid of him. They have accused and traduced him, but he stood his ground. Five or six years ago, they brought a suit against him for aiding the escape of certain fugitive slaves, but he defeated them. Last summer they decoyed him from his house, tarred and feathered him, and insulted and otherwise maltreated his wife, who had heroically followed him and vainly endeavoured to save him from violence. Her situation at the time was such as to make an appeal, at least on her own behalf, to which none but slaveholders could have been insensible. Having completed their outrage, they ordered him to leave the State. Instead of leaving, he went to Chester, the chief town of the county, and lodged complaint. The State's Attorney put Mr. Bowers under bonds to appear at the October term of Court, and testify for the Commonwealth. Last week he went down for that purpose. The slaveholders got wind of it and resolved to prevent it. They knew that conviction must follow anything like a fair trial, and that the penalty, if inflicted, would be "not less than three nor more than ten years" in the penitentiary. Mr. Bowers had many friends; the common people were in his favor; it wouldn't be safe to let the case come before the jury; he must be driven out of the State immediately, and at all risks. This was agreed upon last Saturday night in Chester, and on Monday morning it was put in execution. Mr. Bowers's statement in *The North American* is a brief and unvarnished outline of the manner in which it was done.

Mr. B. says that two-thirds of the people of Kent County are in his favor; that the middle and lower classes are, with few exceptions, on his side; and that it is the slaveholders only, who, though few, are powerful, that are against him. They control the Press, and permit nothing to be published that does not favor their object. They malign and traduce him at home, and misrepresent his character and case to the people abroad. Mr. B. doesn't intend to let the matter drop here. He is a man of courage and energy; he knows his rights, and means to maintain them. He is confident that the people of Maryland, that is the non-slaveholders, who are the great majority, when they come to understand his case, will make common cause and sustain him. I trust the result will justify his confidence. It really looks as though the non-slaveholders of the South were at last touched with a sense of their vassalage, and were making a move to throw off the yoke. When such men as Helper in North Carolina, Underwood in Virginia, John G. Fee in Kentucky, Blair in Missouri, and now Bowers in Maryland, take the field for freedom, the Slave Power had better look to their sceptre. These be facts of great significance.

Respectfully yours, J. M. McK.

MOB LAW IN MARYLAND.

TARRING AND FEATHERING—STATEMENT OF THE VICTIM.

To the Editors of The North American:

The public may recollect that, during the last summer, James L. Bowers, a citizen of Maryland, residing near Chestertown, Kent County, was enticed by false pretences, late at night, by a mob, from his residence, and brutally tarred and feathered, and otherwise injured; and that his wife, then in a delicate situation, who had followed the mob a considerable distance to the spot where the diabolical deed was perpetrated, was rudely insulted and violently treated in the affray.

I am the person referred to. Thinking it not right to let such acts pass without an effort at redress, I brought suit against several persons who committed the deed, in Kent County Court, which was to commence October [illegible] should be protected—taking my wife with me, I returned to the neighborhood whence I had been driven, to prosecute the suit. I stopped at my sister's house adjoining my own property, and it soon became known that I was in the place, prepared to prosecute my persecutors. On Saturday, the 16th, late in the day, slaveholders met, as I am informed, at E. T. Chambers's office, in Chestertown, and concocted a scheme to meet at my residence or my sister's, at early dawn on Monday, and to take me from the county at all risks. At the appointed time, they surrounded the house where we then were, and where my wife had given birth to a child but two days before.

My sister going to the window, the mob demanded me. On being forewarned to leave the house, notwithstanding their knowledge of my wife's extreme prostration, they made preparations for forcible entrance, with determined threats to tear the house down if I did not come out. Under certain solemn promises of protection to myself, and of attention to be rendered to my wife—whom I can hardly hope again to see alive, after such great excitement in her prostrate condition—I agreed to go with the Hon. J. B. Ricaud, T. Skirven and Louin Usilton, and was by them conveyed to the railroad depôt.

The names of the persons concerned in this deed, so far as I saw and at present recollect, are as follows: Horace Beck, Isaac Perkins, John Beck, G. W. T. Perkins, John T. Skirven, Frank Cann, Ben Cann, J. B. Ricaud, Louin Usilton, Abel J. Reese, John Frank Usilton, Little John Gale, James W. Skirven, Wm. P. Francis, Wm. B. Wilmer, Wm. Parker, George W. Spencer, John Wetherhead, Benton Sutton, Nathaniel Comegys, —— Oldham, R. Jones, Jerry Nichols, William K. Stevens, Josiah Ringold, Samuel Rosenbury, Sewell Hepburn, Rayner Stavely, Adolphus Wallace, —— Wallace, Emory Sudlor, Ezekiel Weeks, Lewis M. Hepburn.

Some, if not all, of these were armed with guns or pistols. Two of the above agreed to accompany me out of the State, viz., Louin Usilton and the Hon. J. B. Ricaud, member of Congress. The mob sent, in addition, the following persons: George W. Spencer, Adolphus Wallace and his brother, John Wetherhead, Benton Sutton, and one other, whom I do not remember, well armed with guns and revolvers. They proceeded, in four carriages, to Middletown, Del., and saw me placed in the cars for Wilmington, Del., whence I came to this city, where I am now staying.

[illegible] a member of the Society of Friends, but I have never been a member of any Abolition Society, although my father was a member of the Kent County (Md.) Abolition Society, as was also the father of Judge Chambers. No funds have ever been placed in my hands for any anti-slavery purpose whatever. The statements made in the *Kent News*, and copied into other Maryland papers, abound in falsehoods.

I submit to you, Mr. Editor, this simple statement of facts, leaving to your readers to make their own comments.

JAMES L. BOWERS.

Philadelphia, 10th month 20, 1858.

KIDNAPPING IN INDIANA.

KENTUCKY AGAINST INDIANA.

From The Albany (Ia.) Tribune, October 25.

ON Saturday afternoon, while nearly all our citizens were out at the Fair Grounds, some five or six ruffians from Louisville, professing to belong to the police of that city, made a descent upon our place, and kidnapped Capt. Horace Bell, of Harrison County, Indiana, and by force of arms carried him into Kentucky, without any authority of law whatever. That our readers may better understand the nature of this outrage, and what led to it, we will briefly recapitulate some circumstances that preceded it.

About a year since, an old man by the name of Bell, together with one of his sons, residing in Harrison Co., nearly opposite Brandenburg, Kentucky, were kidnapped and carried into Kentucky on suspicion of secreting runaway slaves. There was no positive evidence going to implicate the Bells in anything of the sort, the information being given by a miscreant, who has several indictments for perjury hanging over him. However, the mere suspicion was sufficient to put the chivalry of Kentucky in motion. Accordingly a gang of ruffians from Brandenburg came over in the night time, armed with pistols, bowie-knives and other weapons, but no warrant of law, and seized the Bells, the older one being seventy years of age. While a portion of the chivalrous Kentuckians were engaged in securing the old man and his son, another portion of them stood guard over the old woman and a little girl, who were the only inmates of the house, beside the two kidnapped Bells.

These gallant gentlemen stood over our lady with drawn weapons, threatening to blow out her brains if she made any resistance, and yet she was too sick at the time to get out of bed. The Bells were hurried over the river and lodged in the Brandenburg jail, and there confined and guarded, as criminals of the darkest dye, for more than nine months. The friends of the Bells from this side of the river endeavored to have his trial brought on, but this did not suit the convenience of those who were prosecuting; they were not ready. An attempt was made to have them admitted to bail, but the Judge, in his wisdom, saw proper to fix the amount at $10,000 for the two—an amount so excessive that they could not give it. Col. Marsh, of Harrison County, who had interested himself actively to procure the necessary bail, was shot down in the streets of Brandenburg, in broad daylight, and his murderer was allowed to make his escape, no doubt with the aid and connivance of the citizens of Brandenburg. This had the effect to intimidate others from making similar attempts to serve the prisoners, and they had a cheerless prospect before them, although guilty of no offence against the laws of Kentucky or of the Union.

In the meantime, Capt. Horace Bell and his brother John, who were residing in California, hearing of the condition of affairs, determined to return home to Indiana and release their father, or perish in the attempt. It was a noble and filial duty they undertook to perform, and most gallantly did they perform it. All honor to them for the deed. They could have gathered around them a regiment of gallant Indianians, who, if need be, would not have left one stone upon another of the Brandenburg jail. But they chose rather to undertake the work of deliverance themselves, and not implicate others in the matter. Accordingly, they went over to Brandenburg in a skiff, in broad day; went quietly and unostentatiously to the prison; were admitted to see their father and brother, and in a very few minutes the whole four were on their way to the river, without any particular violence being offered to any one, except the little wholesome restraint imposed upon the lady who had the jail in charge.

They were soon in their skiff and rowing for the Indiana shore. Before reaching midway of the Ohio, the whole population of Brandenburg seemed to be in motion and rushing down toward the beach. Capt. Bell arose to his feet and gracefully saluted them with a wave of his hat. Those on shore soon opened upon him a furious fire of pistols, shot-guns, muskets, &c. This was a compliment the captain well knew how to return with interest, and he opened upon them with his Derringer pistol—a six-shooter, that will kill a man at half a mile distance as easy as at ten paces. This had the effect to disperse the crowd, most of whom took shelter in a blacksmith's shop, the doors of which were pretty thoroughly riddled by the discharges from the skiff. And thus ended the second scene in the drama.

Whether the Bells were ever indicted for this summary

jail delivery at Brandenburg, we are not advised; but whether they were or not, this kidnapping of Capt. Bell was none the less unlawful, outrageous and cowardly. We understand, however, that a pony purse was raised by the high-spirited chivalry of Brandenburg, and a reward was offered for the delivery of Captain Bell to the public authorities of that county. What they propose to do with him, after they get him, we are at a loss to conjecture. He violated no law, either human or divine He simply observed that scriptural injunction, to "open the prison doors and let the prisoners go free." He broke open no doors, he forced no locks. What he had to do he did quietly and in order, and then, with commendable brevity, took his leave. And now, when they get him within their clutches, we are much mistaken if they don't find themselves somewhat in the condition of the man who won the elephant in a raffle—they won't know what to do with him, unless they glut their vengeance by hanging him upon some tree in the neighborhood; and this it has been shrewdly hinted they propose to do.

But this was no concern of the bloodhounds who kidnapped him on Saturday. It was the reward—the money—that excited their unsanctified cupidity, and impelled them onward to do the deed. What cared they about vindicating the violated honor of the Commonwealth—with them the love of money was the governing principle.

These bloodhounds of Louisville had been seen prowling around for a day or two, doubtless with the view of catching Capt. Bell off his guard, when everybody should be out at the Fair, and no one present to afford relief They knew full well that Louisville couldn't muster policemen enough to take him, under ordinary circumstances, without a legal warrant for his arrest. Hence, coward like, they watched their opportunity to spring upon him when there were none to resist. Even then, had he been aware of their designs, he would have rendered a fearful account of more than half of their number before they could have captured him.

It may be asked why Capt. Bell did not keep himself out of harm's way, knowing, as he did, that a reward was offered for him? This is soon explained. He had an appointment to meet his sister here, who resides in Louisville, and he could not forego the pleasure of seeing her from the fear of any consequences personal to himself. After seeing his sister, he accompanied her and his mother (who is tempo[illegible] staying with her daughter) to the ferry-boat for the purpose of sending them back to Louisville. He then returned to Main street, and was hurrying down the same to get aboard the stage for Corydon, when these Louisville covies sprang from their hiding pla[illegible] pinioned him before he was aware of their pr[illegible] At the same time they disarmed him, and hurri[illegible] him rapidly to the ferry-boat, announcing, as they went, to the few who had been attracted by the outrage, and who, unfortunately, knew nothing of Mr. Bell, that he had been guilty of a foul murder, and they were arresting him for that.

In the meantime the boat had been kept in waiting for the kidnappers and their victim; and so soon as they could hurry on board, she cast off the cable and left, although repeatedly warned by two of our most respectable citizens and one of our City Council not to do so. At the same time the mother and sister of Capt. B., who were on the boat, implored, with earnest cries and tears, that the boat should not be pushed off. But the officers of the boat were obdurate. This ferry-boat, be it remembered, belongs to Mr. Duckwell, of Louisville, and this heartless conduct on the part of his employes we hope will be remembered by our citizens.

On our return from the Fair Ground, about sundown, a note was put in our hands from Capt. Bell, stating the circumstance of his abduction, and requesting us to see if something couldn't be done for him. As a matter of course, we supposed the kidnappers would hurry him off to Brandenburg, in order to obtain their reward, and we were in doubt as to what was best to be done. Shortly after nightfall we sent a despatch to the jailor at Louisville, inquiring whether Horace Bell had been lodged in his custody, and, after some considerable delay, received an answer that he was then in jail. Shortly afterwards (about 9 o'clock) three of our citizens, as a self-constituted committee, proceeded to Louisville to employ counsel and procure the release of the prisoner on a writ of habeas corpus.

But, unfortunately, they did not procure the writ until near midnight. In the meantime the parties got wind of what was going on, and in a few minutes before the writ was served upon the jailer by N. Wolfe, Esq., Mr. Bell had been removed from the jail, strongly handcuffed, and, without a hat, hurried off to parts unknown.

These are the facts as they occurred, and we may have something more to say by way of application hereafter.

From The Louisville Courier, 27th.

The arrest of Horace Bell continues to excite great feeling in New Albany. It forms the entire subject of town-talk. Happily, the first passionate outburst of the populace has been suppressed, and there is an indication of calmer counsels prevailing.

On Monday night a party of 125 seized the ferry-boat Adelaide, and proceeded to Brandenburg. They were well equipped for a hostile campaign, each man being armed with a revolver, bowie-knife and gun. A six-pounder, also, formed part of the armament of the expedition. It was expected that a party of 200 men would unite with the Albanians at some point in Harrison County. We presume that these men reached Brandenburg yesterday, where there was not much excitement prevailing, though on Monday there was to be seen about the town an unusual number of shot-guns. Major Isaac P. Smith and John R. Cannon, with many other gentlemen of respectability, accompanied the ferry-boat expedition.

The examination of the officers of the ferry, charged with being accessory to the abduction of Bell, was not had yesterday, the case having been sent before the Grand Jury, which is in session. It is the general opinion in New Albany that no one connected with the ferry was privy to the arrest of Bell, and only aided in bringing him across the river when threatened. The Grand Jury of Floyd County, we understand, yesterday indicted John Rogers, Sylvester Deshon, Jerry and Tom Antle, and Joe Swinney, as the kidnappers of John Bell. The next step in the case will be a requisition from Gov. Willard upon Gov. Morehead for these men. If arrested, they will have to be tried for felony in New Albany. It is said that some of them are already heartily disgusted with their action in the matter.

Horace Bell was taken from Brandenburg on Sunday afternoon, to some safe and secluded place in Meade County, where he will be in the custody of the Sheriff. *The citizens of Brandenburg promptly paid the reward of $500 offered for the arrest of Bell. The officers who made the arrest in New Albany sold the claim for $200.*

From The New Albany Ledger.

It is said that the ferry-boat Adelaide left this place last night for Brandenburg, Ky., to ascertain if anything could be done to secure the liberation of Horace Bell. The Louisville papers, however, announce that Bell was carried off to the Elizabethtown jail, some thirty miles distant. If such is the case, we presume no attempt will be made to rescue him, if such was intended.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LOUISVILLE, Friday, Oct. 29.

The New Albany expedition returned from Brandenburg yesterday, having been pacified by assurances from the Brandenburgians that Horace Bell would be released on bail.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Friday, Oct. 29.

Horace Bell was released on bail to-day, and has arrived here from Brandenburg. He was received at the theatre to-night with tremendous applause.

THE MOTHER IN JAIL FOR LOVING HER CHILDREN.

To tell our story in its true order, we must antedate it by a few facts.

Rev. J. G. Fee, of anti-slavery notoriety, now laboring in Kentucky, is the son of a slaveholder, still living in Kentucky, and still a slaveholder. As is common in slavery, young Fee was nursed by a slave woman. When he became a man, an anti-slavery man, and a Christian he purchased his old nurse out of slavery, which cost him the little patrimony which he received from his father. She has resided in this place, Felicity, Clermont County, Ohio, and has been known as Black Julia. But her children were still in slavery; and what is liberty to a true-hearted mother while her children sigh in bondage! A fugitive slave mother in Canada, who had fled from Democratic oppression, and found protection under the mane of the British lion, but who had left some of her children in slavery, once said, "I feel all the time as though I had left a part of my heart in the South. So was it with our Black Julia; she was free in Felicity, but she felt as though she had left a part of her heart, if not the whole of it, in Kentucky. Following the impulse of a mother's heart, she made a desperate effort to obtain her children, and failed.

She obtained information that her children were soon to be sent to New Orleans, and thus be placed forever beyond her reach. Without imparting a knowledge of her design to any of her friends here, she went over to Kentucky, and gathered her children together, and started back. They were ten in number, including some grandchildren. In the darkness of the night she became bewildered, on her way to the river, and did not reach the place of crossing until daylight. It was then too late. She, with her whole company, was arrested and taken back, and is now in jail, probably doomed never to breathe free air again. The arrest was made on Monday morning, and what the final result will be cannot yet be certainly known.

But few comments appear necessary. It was a mother's effort in behalf of her children; and whatever may be said of her conduct, there is not a right minded father or mother in our country who would not do the very thing she attempted to do, if they could, were their children slaves. The children, or a part of them at least, are owned by Mr. Fee, the former owner of the mother, and he an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. So it is seen that Presbyterians rob mothers of their children.

The man who arrested the mother, flying with her children, has obtained an unenviable notoriety. He may buckle over the reward of his cruel act; but unless he repents, he and his gold must perish together. The curse of God must sooner or later fall upon all such men. May God speed the time when mothers will have an admitted right to the children they bring forth.—L.—*Wesleyan.*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH DELAWARE?

WE ask the careful attention of the people of Delaware to the following facts, compiled from the United States' census, and, after they have examined them, as a citizen of Delaware and entertaining as we do a deep feeling for the interests of our little State, we wish to ask every citizen of Delaware this question: *Shall Delaware be free, rich, enterprising and intelligent, or shall she yet continue to suffer the ills incident to human slavery?* The question must be answered. Read the statistics and give us an honest, truthful reply.

In 1790, when the first census was taken, New York contained 340,120 inhabitants; at the same time the population of Virginia was 748,308, being more than twice the number of New York. Just sixty years afterward, as we learn from the census of 1850, New York had a population of 3 097.394; while that of Virginia was only 1,421 661, being less than half the number of New York! In 1791, the exports of New York amounted to $2,505,465; the exports of Virginia amounted to $3 130,865. In 1852, the exports of New York amounted to $87,484,456; the exports of Virginia, during the same year, amounted to only $2,924,657. In 1790, the imports of New York and Virginia were about equal: in 1853, the imports of New York amounted to the enormous sum of $173,270 999; while those of Virginia, for the same period, amounted to the pitiful sum of only $399,004. In 1850, the products of manufactures, mining and the mechanic arts in New York amounted to $237,597 249; those of Virginia amounted to only $29,705,3[illegible]7. At the taking of the last census, the value of real and personal property in Virginia, including negroes, was $391,646,438; that of New York, exclusive of any monetary valuation of human beings, was $1,080,[illegible]399,216.

In August, 1856, the real and personal estate possessed in the City of New York amounted in valuation to $511,-740,591, showing that New York City alone is worth more than the whole State of Virginia.

In 1790, Massachusetts contained 378,717 inhabitants; in the same year North Carolina contained 393,651; in 1850, the population of Massachusetts was 994,514, all freemen; while that of North Carolina was only 869,039, of whom 289 548 were slaves. Massachusetts has an area of only 7,800 square miles; the area of North Carolina is 50,704 square miles, which, though less than Virginia, is considerably larger than the State of New York.

In 1853, the exports of Massachusetts amounted to $16,895,304, and her imports to $41,367,956; during the same time, and indeed during all the time, from the period of the formation of the government up to the year of 1853, the exports and imports of North Carolina were so utterly insignificant that we are ashamed to record them. In 1850, the products of manufactures, mining and the mechanic arts in Massachusetts amounted to $151,137,145; those of North Carolina to only $9,111,-245. In 1856, the products of these industrial pursuits in Massachusetts had increased to something over $288,000,000, a sum more than twice the value of the entire cotton crop of all the Southern States! In 1850, the cash value of all the farms, farming implements and machinery in Massachusetts was $112,285,931; the value of the same in North Carolina, in the same year, was only $71,823,298. In 1850, the value of all the real and personal estate in Massachusetts, without recognizing property in man, or setting a monetary price on the head of a single citizen, white or black, amounted to $573,342,286; the value of the same in North Carolina, including negroes, amounted to only $226,800,472. In 1856, the real and personal estate assessed in the City of Boston amounted in valuation to within a fraction of $250,000,000, showing conclusively that, so far as dollars and cents are concerned, that single city could buy the whole State of North Carolina, and, by right of purchase, if sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States, and by State Constitutions, hold her as a province. In 1850, there were in Massachusetts 1,861 native white and free colored persons over twenty years of age who could not read and write; in the same year, this class of persons in North Carolina numbered 80,083; while the 283,548 slaves were, by legislative enactments, kept in a state of absolute ignorance and unconditional subordination.

In 1760, as we learn from Mr. Benton's "Thirty Years' View," the foreign imports into Charleston were $2,662,000; in 1855, they amounted to only $1,750,000! In 1854, the imports into Philadelphia, which, in foreign trade, ranks at present but fourth among the commercial cities of the Union, were $21,963,021. In 1850, the products of manufactures, mining and mechanic arts, in Pennsylvania, amounted to $155,044,910; the products of the same in South Carolina amounted to only $7,063,513.

As shown by the census report of 1850, which was prepared under the superintendence of a native of South Carolina, who certainly will not be suspected of injustice to his own section of the country, the Southern States, the cash value of all the farms, farming implements and machinery in Pennsylvania was $422,598,640; the value of the same in South Carolina, in the same year, was only $86 518,038. From a compendium of the same census, we learn that the value of all the real and personal pro-[illegible] $729,144,998; the value of the same in South Carolina, including the estimated value of 384,925 negroes, amounted to only $288,257,694. We have not been able to obtain the figures necessary to show the exact value of real and personal estate in Philadelphia, but the amount is estimated to be not less than $300,000,000; and as, in 1850, there were 408,762 free inhabitants in the single city of Philadelphia, against 283,544 of the same class in the whole State of South Carolina, it is quite evident that the former is more powerful than the latter, and far ahead of her in all the elements of genuine and permanent superiority. In Pennsylvania, in 1850, the annual income of public schools amounted to $1,348,249; the same in South Carolina, in the same year, amounted to only $200,600; in the former State there were 393 libraries other than private, in the latter only 26; in Pennsylvania 310 newspapers and periodicals were published, circulating 84,898,672 copies annually, in South Carolina only 46 newspapers and periodicals were published, circulating but 7,145,930 copies per annum.—*Milford (Del.) News and Advertiser.*

LETTER FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS TO GERRIT SMITH.

JEFFERSON, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1858.

HON. GERRIT SMITH—*Dear Sir:* In your address at Rochester, you took occasion to say the party to which I belong "does not seek the abolition of slavery. Nor does it even go for non-extension. It once said, No more slave States. Now it says, No more slave States *unless* the people wish it. If Kansas or Utah wish to come in as slave States, the Republicans, as a party, would admit them." In saying that I thought the charge unmerited, I do not intend to impugn your *sincerity*. But I felt it due to you and myself that you should explain the grounds on which you founded it. I therefore asked you specifically to state *when* the Republican party abandoned its avowed faith? By *whom* was this apostacy proclaimed? I then supposed and still believe your impressions had been drawn from the declaration of individuals professing to belong to the Republican party, but denying the fundamental doctrines which constitute the party, on which it has been founded, organized, and on which it has risen to its present proud position. In your answer you certainly have failed to show *when* or *where* the Republicans abandoned their pledged faith; nor have you pointed me to the men who have proclaimed such apostacy.

But you reiterate the charge in general terms. You say, "You (meaning myself) act with the Republican party, and surely it is not at work to abolish any slavery. Your Free Soil party of 1848 declared its purpose to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. But I never heard that this is one of the purposes of the Republican party."

Had you consulted our platform, you would have found that we were pledged to abolish slavery, not merely in the District of Columbia, and in all our forts, arsenals, magazines, dockyards and territories, where Congress has power to legislate, but throughout the world. Our doctrines are that "all men (without regard to color or condition) are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to live; to that liberty which is so essential to cherish and protect life, attain knowledge and enjoy happiness." This doctrine is held and proclaimed wherever *Republicans* exist. Their moral influence is felt throughout this and other nations; it is operating not merely in New York and Ohio, but is arousing the popular mind in all the free and slave States. It has recently manifested its strength in Maine, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. While this moral influence is extending and strengthening over the whole nation and in other nations, Republicans are solemnly pledged to sustain these rights in all our Territories, and to prevent by positive legislation the establishment of slavery therein. By the moral force of these truths, the Administration has been defeated in the States named, and every indication now gives promise of glorious triumph in 1860. Nothing can prevent such triumph but division in our ranks. But you ask me, "Whatever your party may say against the extension of slavery, *does it go against it?*" I answer most emphatically, *yes*, in every shape and form in which that subject is or can be presented; nor do we stop there. We hold and declare that the primary object and ulterior design of our Federal Government were to secure all persons under its exclusive jurisdiction in the enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness; that its constitutional powers shall be exerted in favor of liberty and justice; that, acting on this policy at our last session, every Republican member of Congress voted to reject the Lecompton bill, that being the highest degree of contempt for the measure which is allowed by parliamentary law. I point you to that record. Nor do I stop there. I point you to the subsequent defeat of that executive plan for extending slavery by Republicans acting upon their avowed doctrines, although they numbered but ninety-two, out of two hundred and thirty-four members. But this vote, which saved Kansas from civil war and slavery, you cite as an evidence that Republican members of Congress had abandoned their doctrines. Of this misrepresentation (surely not intended as such) I complain. In past time it has been regarded as a maxim of law and of common sense that every man shall be presumed to *intend* the legitimate result of his own acts. The legitimate result of the Republican vote was the defeat of the Lecompton bill. It was so intended by every Republican. That result was attained. *Kansas was saved.* The object for which you and your friends were striving and praying, for which all Republicans were anxious and laboring, was reached; and you will permit me to express my astonishment that anti-slavery men should now turn round and condemn Republicans for thus defeating the machinations of the Slave Power. I think these charges unjust. Those who make them are undoubtedly [illegible] excellent men, who have strong conceptions of truth and human rights, but little appreciation of the difficulties, the gigantic labors of embodying popular sentiment and so uniting discordant political elements as to give effect to the truths they preach. From my inmost soul I thank every man for any influence he may have put forth to defeat that nefarious measure. Many of them differed from me in opinions, yet for all they did in behalf of humanity I feel grateful. I would not reproach them for so good, so important an act.

I am aware that men who *profess* to belong to the Republican party deny the doctrines avowed in our platform. The very fact of such denial shows they are not *of* the party, nor *for* its principles. But I deny the justice of condemning Republicans on account of the sayings of such men. It is our right to be judged by our doctrines unanimously adopted in Convention, and held by all who have any right to be numbered with that party.

In regard to the sentiment or the feelings of the people of your State, it would be indelicate for me to speak. What I have said has reference to the party which acts *nationally*, and disowns all right to interfere with the individual States or the action of any particular State.

With great respect, your friend, J. R. GIDDINGS.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A FOREIGN MISSIONARY TO AN ABOLITIONIST.

"WHEN you advocate *immediate emancipation* of all slaves, I presume that, as candid and reasonable men, you understand this act as the decision of the *will*, or the consent of the *heart*, and that, where repentance is sincere, its fruit will be seen in the life; *i. e.*, arrangements will be made, embracing *time, condition, mode*, etc., and that the *legal act* of emancipation will transpire whenever all the circumstances render it wise in the eye of mercy and good faith. You would not determine that *to-day is absolutely the day when all masters should give free papers to their slaves.*"

REPLY.

"I confess, my dear sir, that, having known, for some years past, your interest in the condition and your desire for the freedom of the slaves, I was greatly surprised by your doubts respecting the wisdom and safety of an emancipation actually immediate and universal.

"To my mind, the fact that such an emancipation is *right* necessarily implies that it is both *wise* and *safe*; that is to say, safer and wiser than the continuance of either an entire or a partial enslavement. Of course, we cannot claim absolute immunity from harm, damage or loss, for any position in this world. What I mean is, in regard to the safety of immediate emancipation, that I would rather spend, with my family, a day, a week or a month, among men and women newly emancipated by the voluntary act of their masters, than any day, week or month, during which the same persons were either wholly or partially enslaved. I have an absolute and thorough belief that God's way, that is the way of real right and justice, is the very safest and most prudent way for me to follow.

"Slavery is the claim, necessarily unjust and wicked, of one man to hold another *as his property*. Suppose that a man who has made this unjust claim, and disposed of the bodies, minds and souls of a hundred men, women and children at his pleasure, is converted. (I do not mean converted into the Church of the United States, which practises and defends slaveholding, but into the kingdom of Christ.) Suppose he becomes *a Christian*, and begins to live in accordance with the golden rule. He must of course cease, and cease at once, from the claim and the exercise of unjust power over those whom he has hitherto called *his* slaves. They are *not* his! They *never* were his! As a Christian, he must immediately confess to them his wrong, and abandon it, and do what he can to repair it. He is not thinking of safety, but of duty; of doing the justice which he owes, and undoing the wrong which he has inflicted.

"Suppose now that the wicked thought comes into his mind—Will it be *safe* for me and my wife, my children and my unconverted slaveholding neighbors, to give up all my unjust claim at once, and restore to my poor oppressed brethren the whole of their rights at once? What part of the known injustice shall he still continue to commit? What part of the known rights of these fellow-immortals shall he still continue to withhold? Is it not plain that as soon as he comes upon this ground, he leaves the *Christian* ground? Is it not plain that this is a temptation to which he should say—Get thee behind me, Satan!

"It seems to me that the only method in which such a person could expect the blessing of God, and such safety as comes from obeying His will, would be by *immediately* calling these injured fellow-beings together, and speaking thus to them:

"'Friends, I have sinned against God, against you, and against my own soul, by holding you in bondage. I have called you my slaves, and treated you as if you really belonged to me like cattle and horses. But I never had a right to do so. No man can possibly belong to another as his property. Every one of you has the same right that I have to go where he will, and get his living in whatever honest way he can. I have done wrong by keeping you confined on my plantation, and by making you work without wages. I ask pardon of you and of God for this wrong, and will do what I can to make you amends. From this moment you are *free*. Free to go where you will, and work, in any right and honest way, to the best advantage you can. If you steal, or do any wrong to the persons or property of others, the law of the land will punish you, and God also will bring you to account for it. You are *free to do right*, and to work honestly for your living wherever you can get work. If you will stay where you are and work for me, I will give you fair wages and good treatment. If you prefer to leave me, I will do what I can to obtain you work, and fair wages, and good treatment elsewhere.'

"Now, what I claim is that this first step is the *right* one, and the *only* right one, for the slaveholder to take. In the case of a truly penitent and truly Christian man this would be followed up by many more steps in the same direction, since slavery injures the bodies, minds and souls of its victims in many ways, which it thenceforth becomes the duty of the ex-slaveholder to repair, as far as he can do it. But this first step is indispensable towards putting him in the right position.

"Nor is the stringency of this duty lessened, in the slightest degree, by any chance of loss resulting from it to the slaveholder. If the freedmen use their right of going elsewhere at once, leaving a crop to spoil in the critical moment of gathering or housing, this makes no difference in regard to the slaveholder's duty. He is to *do right*, at whatever pecuniary expense.

"Neither is the stringency of this duty lessened, in the slightest degree, by any chance that revenge for past injuries may be inflicted by the freedmen. Even if the cruelties of the master have been such as to render this attempt at vengeance *probable*, his duty remains the same. His unjust claim and his unjust exercise of it must both be given up, and at once. A true penitent will not only confess his sin, and abandon it, but submissively accept its ill consequences. It is a contradiction of the very idea of penitence to suppose that he will continue the sin, or any part of it, in the hope thereby of escaping its natural ill consequences.

"Neither is the stringency of this duty lessened by the existence, in the State in which the slaveholder lives, of laws so wicked as to forbid emancipation. 'Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?' Wherein is such a statute more obligatory upon us than one commanding the worship of a golden image? or forbidding prayer for forty days, or forty years? or prohibiting penitence and restitution for any other wrong that man has done to his fellow-man? Is it not the very first element of allegiance to God that we should set his commands above those of men? Is it not our duty to *disobey*, oppose, resist and set at nought a human law which opposes *God's* law?

"Even if the scruple in regard to immediate emancipation proceed from solicitude lest the slaves should misuse their new freedom *to their own injury*, it is equally misplaced, and is answered by the same consideration which I first stated in reply to the master's selfish provision for his own safety. What part of a power which the master *knows to be unjust* shall he still claim and exercise, to accomplish a supposed good for its subjects? To what extent may he practise oppression for the benefit of the oppressed? How much evil may he do that good may come? Is a *Christian* to sit down, with slate and pencil, and cypher out, in this way, a middle path between wrong and right? Is he to assume that obedience to God's law of immediate repentance and restitution will probably do harm, and that a temporary maintenance of unjust power will, on the whole, have the better result? Does not *faith* mean a resolute doing of what is seen to be just, taking it for granted that God will *of course* bring good consequences from it?

"Suppose that the master—carrying out this attempt to combine a prudent expediency with the Christian duty of confessing his sins to the wronged party, and making immediate reparation—should tell the slaves frankly that, though he had no *right* of control over them, and should therefore, as a conscientious man, no longer flog them, or sell them, he should still confine them, for the present, to the limits of the plantation, and require them to work at a moderate task, *for their good*; and that by and by, when he thought it consistent with their good, he should remit that constraint also. Suppose *their* idea of their own welfare should differ from his, and they should demand the whole of *their rights* at once! What is he to say to it—*as a Christian?*

"Suppose that he—adding a trifle more of prudent expediency to his plan—should confess only *part* of his sin, and inform them that he shall no longer flog or sell them, because he has no right, but that all things else will go on as usual—for the present. What shall he say when they demand the rest of their rights, and especially the right of going where they please? Will he not immediately find that he *cannot* serve God and mammon?

"Such is the aspect in which the sin of slaveholding, and the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation, appear to me, and to those who are appropriately called Abolitionists. If, however, this view of the matter does not satisfy you, if you need some *evidence* that the immediate establishment of right and justice will work well in practice, both for the injurer and the injured, 'Thome and Kimball's Narrative of the Results of Emancipation in the British West Indies,' and Rev. Henry Bleby's speech on the same subject, made at an Anti-Slavery festival on August 1st of the present year (both of which I send herewith), are the very things for you. They form a complete demonstration of the good working of the immediate abolition of slavery. Thome and Kimball found, as the result of a careful investigation, carried on in the islands themselves, and continued through the six months immediately following the act of emancipation, *that* though gradual emancipation was better than slavery, immediate abolition was best of all, and unexceptionably good. And Mr. Bleby (who had been an English missionary in Jamaica for some years previous to the emancipation, and who had been tarred and feathered by the planters on account of his good will to the slaves, and who has resided in the islands in the same capacity ever since) fully corroborates this statement."

The necessity of writing such plain and simple truths as the above, to a missionary educated in such learning and saturated with such piety as the American Church has to give, and trusted for many years by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions as a satisfactory and competent "minister of the Gospel," is suited to bring to mind the reproof written by Paul (or some one else) to the half Christianized Hebrews of that period—"For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God."

We once supposed that the function of minister, and preëminently that of missionary, was the one best suited of all human occupations to develop and cherish fine sensibilities in regard to religion and morality; to produce an acute perception of right, a prompt detection of wrong, and an uncompromising persistency in following the one and avoiding the other. But years of sad experience, and the application of frequent tests to both these classes of men, have broken and scattered this delusion, and well-nigh proved its opposite to be true. Having had occasion to make many appeals to both ministers and missionaries, in regard to various branches of reform, we have found these two things true of them almost universally. They are entirely unmoved by any considerations of right, truth or justice, which are not formally stated or enjoined in the Bible; and they are equally unmoved by considerations of this sort, even supported by direct and explicit Bible testimony, where the traditions, or creeds, or interpretations, or usages of their Church tend in the contrary direction. Not even the worldliness of the mercantile class, nor the polished indifference of the merely literary class, opposes a stronger barrier to the reception of reformatory truth than the training which the clergy get (in the theological seminary and beyond it) in dogmas for the soul and rites and ceremonies for the body. Of course, having learned these things in their preparation to become religious teachers, they teach them after entering upon that occupation; and the whole history of reform in this country has shown an uninterrupted succession of the evil fruits which spring from that corrupt theological tree. This explains to us why the Tract Society cut anti-slavery sentiments out of its publications—why the Bible Society put pro-slavery sentiments into its official organ, and refused to distribute Bibles to slaves, even when offered five thousand dollars for the purpose—why the American Board now instructs its missionaries to admit slaveholders to their Churches—why *The Independent* upholds them in so doing—and why the persons converted into the American Church in the late revival were at the same moment, and by the same act, fixed in a practical acquiescence in slavery at the South, and in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law at the North.

If every clergyman in the country who edits, or writes for, a "religious" newspaper would follow up the exposure and rebuke of slaveholding in the Churches of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions week after week, as Dr. Cheever does—and would add to this what is yet wanting in him, a denial of Christian fellowship to slaveholders and their abettors, just as much as to *other* thieves and fornicators and *their* abettors—we might yet accomplish the overthrow of slavery without rending the nation asunder. But the clerical editors, like the preachers, almost without exception, defend the pro-slavery Board of Missions, oppose the movements of Abolitionists, and make no assault upon slavery themselves. They retreat, in the most ignominious and contemptible manner, from the post of leaders in this great and indispensable reform. The position taken by Dr. Cheever seems like a last chance, given by God to the Churches, to array themselves against slavery under a clerical leader. And the most interesting aspect of the American Church at the present day is the question, soon to be decided, whether its lay members will leave their pro-slavery pastors and go up to the support of Dr. Cheever, or whether, not receiving such aid, he will continue to utter such vigorous rebuke and testimony as he now does, *alone*.

THE REV. HENRY BLEBY'S ADDRESS upon the results of West India Emancipation, delivered on Wednesday evening of last week in the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church, was listened to by a numerous and attentive auditory. The subject was presented in a very interesting and forcible manner, and with such evident candor as to win the confidence of every fair-minded hearer. Mr. B. is not an orator, in the ordinary sense of that word, but he knows how to present facts and figures in such a way as to lead those who hear him to right conclusions. His statements respecting the moral, social and pecuniary condition of the emancipated class were even more favorable than the friends of freedom who had not kept themselves posted had ventured to hope. His address was, however, in substance the same that he delivered at Abington, so that there is no occasion for reproducing it in THE STANDARD. The daily journals, we are sorry to say, published only the most meagre sketches of a discourse every way worthy of being reported in full. But we cannot expect the press to be deeply interested in a subject to which the great mass of the community are wholly indifferent.

Dr. Cheever followed Mr. Bleby in a brief, but exceedingly pertinent, address, in which he predicted the speedy triumph of the anti-slavery cause, and expressed his conviction that many of those who are now opposed or indifferent thereto would be the first, when the tide turned, to shout victory and take credit to themselves for a result which they are not only doing nothing to secure, but much to hinder and defeat.

SEWARD'S SPEECH.

THE speech of Senator Seward, which we this week publish, will arrest the attention of every one who is accustomed to watch the movements of political parties and mark the utterances of their leaders. It is well understood in political circles that the friends of Mr. Seward are determined, if possible, to make him the Republican candidate for President in 1860; and we believe this address was intended to strike the key-note of the coming contest. We have reason to believe, moreover, that it was designed to arrest and counteract the movements of those members of the Republican party who are cunningly attempting to allay anti-slavery agitation and revive, in some form, the dead issues of the past.

In the conflict between Freedom and Slavery Mr. Seward sees not an ephemeral excitement upon temporary issues, but a grand moral and political battle, involving in its result the fate the whole country. How striking are his words:

"Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that *the United States must and will, sooner or later, become entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men.* It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral."

We are glad to see this truth, so often proclaimed by Abolitionists, thus recognized and enforced by one whose voice will command the attention of the whole country. Already has this declaration of the New York Senator excited the utmost alarm of the slaveholders and their tools. The New York *Herald*, the voluntary champion of the slave system, characterizes the speech as "the brutal and bloody manifesto of Seward," and says:

"We call it a brutal and bloody programme, for it is nothing more than the announcement of a fierce war that is to be made upon the social and political organization of the Southern States. * * * And this is what Mr. Seward wishes to attain. We must not only retain the right of self-government for ourselves, but we must insist upon attaining the right of governing the South according to our ideas, and not permitting them to govern themselves according to their own. At our behest the entire organization of society in the Southern States must be changed. It must be made homogeneous, like our own, or like that of St. Domingo and Jamaica. At present they have no defence against our forcing them to effect this, if we have the will to do so, other than the Constitution. But the Constitution can be changed by a two-thirds vote, says Mr. Seward; and if we Northerners do not change it and make it a free Constitution, the South will go on annexing territory, and will eventually make a slave Constitution of it. We must, therefore, make a savage war upon the South, and win the victory in 1860. Such is the programme of the Republican party; and they will endeavor to carry it out.

"It, therefore, behooves our merchants and our manufacturers, our farmers and our mechanics, our men of wealth and our laborers, to consider well what would be the result upon themselves and their own interests if this brutal and bloody programme should succeed. * * * This is the new issue that is flung out by the Republican party, and upon which the first vote will be taken next Tuesday, in the struggle between Parker and Morgan for the Governorship of the Empire State of New York. Every vote cast for Morgan will be a vote for Seward's brutal and bloody programme. If Morgan is elected, even by a bare plurality, New York will take the lead in inaugurating the social war that will be made an issue everywhere in 1860. Is New York prepared to do this? Will she take the vanguard in a fight which, if it succeeds, must destroy more than one-half of the commerce of her metropolis, and diminish to a great extent the value of every dollar's worth of property throughout the State and her sister States? Men of New York! you are called upon to decide these questions. The issue has been sprung upon you at the last hour of the canvass, and when there is little or no time to discuss it; but every vote on Tuesday next for Morgan as Governor will be claimed as a vote for Seward's bloody manifesto, whether it be given so understandingly or not. For this has the manifesto been kept back until the last moment."

As Morgan has been elected, we have a right, according to the *Herald*, to infer that the Empire State has endorsed "the brutal and bloody programme."

There are other points in this speech of which it was our intention to speak, but space fails, and we must stop. Our readers, however, will need no help from us to enable them to comprehend its full scope and significance.

TROUBLE BEWEEN FRANCE AND PORTUGAL.

THE French government has encountered many obstacles in attempting to carry on the slave trade under the false guise of a scheme of voluntary emigration. Not long since a whole cargo of emigrants (!) slipped through the fingers of its agents on the Liberian coast, and now it is in a quarrel with Portugal under circumstances which are thus related in the London *Times*:

"Whatever be the result of the difference which has arisen between France and Portugal, there are in it many things on which the mind of a well-wisher to the general peace of Europe, and to the great interests of humanity at large, must rest with little satisfaction. The circumstances appear very simple, and, indeed, on the facts there is very little dispute. A French vessel, the Charles et Georges, is found by the Portuguese authorities of Mozambique on a part of the coast interdicted to the approach of foreigners, because an approach to it in that particular point is regarded by the Portuguese government as almost conclusive evidence of an attempt to carry on the slave trade. On board the ship were one hundred and ten negroes, and a delegate of the French government. The delegate and captain stated to the Portuguese authorities that the men were there by their own free consent, having engaged themselves to go as laborers to the island of Reunion; that the negroes had regular passports from the authorities at Mozambique, and that the vessel was lying off the interdicted portion of the coast for the purpose of obtaining a surgeon. To this it was answered by the Portuguese that a surgeon was to be found at Mozambique, and was not to be found on that part of the coast. The negroes were examined, and declared one and all that they were carried off against their will and not in virtue of any agreement; and the passports spoken of turned out to be documents furnished by a native chief, who probably was the person from whom the negroes were obtained. Under these circumstances the vessel was seized as a slaver and sent to Lisbon for adjudication. On hearing of this the French government have sent two men of war to the Tagus to wake with the thunder of their guns the echoes of the Rock of Lisbon, have peremptorily demanded the surrender of the Charles et Georges within forty-eight hours, have given orders to the fleet at Toulon to hold itself in readiness to sail, and twice verbally refused the offer of the Portuguese government to submit the matter to the arbitration of a third Power. The latest accounts hold out a hope, indeed, that a friendly arrangement may be expected, but matters are still in an uncertain state. The ground on which the French government is understood to rely is that the presence of a French delegate on board the ship necessarily implied such absolute innocence of any design of slave-trading that the Portuguese government was bound to be satisfied with it at once, and to inquire no further, and that compared with this conclusive proof all matters of suspicion or irregularity become absolutely insignificant, and ought to be thrown aside as of no account whatever."

There is no doubt whatever that the slaveholders of the United States and their Northern allies will be ready to defend the government of France in its preposterous attempts to cover the crime of piracy by a technical quibble and to overawe its weak neighbor by threats of war; but the friends of humanity everywhere will respond to the views expressed by *The Times*:

"To us the mere merits of this controversy, assuming the facts to be correctly stated above, appear to present no difficulty whatever. We know not what proof can be required of an offence of this kind, if the facts which we have just alleged are not to be held sufficient. The vessel was found in flagrant delict, with the negroes actually on board her, and they stated, when examined, that they were there not by their own free will, but under the compulsion of superior force. If it be said that the captain and delegate were deceived in the matter, and believed these people to have gone on board voluntarily, in pursuance of an agreement to labor in the colony of Reunion, which they fully understood, we may ask why the ship was taken to an unusual and interdicted station, why an utterly absurd reason was given for her going there, and why false statements were made with regard to passports from the Portuguese authorities at Mozambique? These things showed not only that the French captain and delegate were doing wrong, but that they knew it, and coupled with the fact that they had a hundred and ten negroes on board, made out as complete a case as the nature of the transaction could possibly admit. To all this the French had nothing to oppose except a conclusive presumption, invented by themselves, that it is absolutely impossible for a delegate of the French government to lend himself to a slave-trading transaction; and that, therefore, such a transaction must be assumed to be impossible, whatever evidence there be to the contrary. We are not aware that the law of nations recognizes as one of its principles the absolute impeccability and incorruptibility of the agent of a foreign government, or considers that government to be entitled, by placing a delegate on board a ship bearing its flag, to give that ship a license to violate with impunity the obligations of treaties and the police regulations of a friendly State. We, therefore, feel no difficulty in concluding that, on the merits of the question, the great Power is entirely in the wrong, and the little one is entirely in the right. This, however, is but a very small part of the matter. Let us assume France to have been as clearly right as she was manifestly wrong. Surely, in order to enforce that right, she should have uttered no menaces and employed no measures which she would not have used to Russia, to England, or to the United States of America. If France believed herself to be in the right, in what respect could her dignity suffer if, instead of the intolerable pretension to be judge in her own cause, she had shown herself ready to abide by the impartial decision of a neutral Power? If she knew she was wrong, no doubt the course adopted is explicable enough, but it is not the less an invasion of that equality which the public law of modern Europe attributes to all sovereign States, and an infraction of that declaration of the Paris Congress which binds the great Powers to have recourse to the intervention of an impartial arbitrator before appealing to arms.

"No doubt it is exceedingly convenient for nations, as well as individuals, to decide their own causes in their own favor, but the time will often come when the inexpediency of this one-sided method of adjudication is made manifest even to those who are most inclined to have recourse to it. The doctrine that justice is only for equals, but that between superior and inferior relations are to be regulated by their relative powers alone, finds no acceptance in the code of modern Europe, and any Power that succeeds in introducing it will have shaken to their foundations those doctrines upon which alone a general peace can be permanently maintained. We cannot but regard it as unfortunate that infractions, real or supposed, of the international law of Europe, with regard to the slave trade, should so frequently form the occasion of differences to which France is a party. We might have hoped that a nation which claims, not unreasonably, a foremost place in directing the march of civilization would, even if she had been subjected to a slight amount of unmerited annoyance and vexation by the honest efforts of other countries to put a complete end to the slave trade, have considered the excellent end in view as a complete excuse for any irregularity in the means taken to attain it, and would have always been satisfied with proof that the dispute arose from endeavors made in good faith to put down this abominable traffic. Unhappily the exact contrary seems to be the case, and nothing excites the indignation of the department over which Count Walewski presides so much as an honest and unselfish attempt to avert the most hideous cruelty that even the thirst of gain itself ever prompted or defended."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE IN VERMONT.

To the Rev. SAMUEL MAY, JR., *General Agent Am. A. S. Society.*

You are aware that we have been circulating petitions in Vermont, asking the Legislature to enact that no slave may be given up to his master, from whatever part of the "blessed Union" he may come (my quotation is from that delectable Democratic sheet, the Bradford (Vt.) *Telegraph*). We began to circulate the petitions so short a time before the meeting of the Legislature that we could not accomplish much. Had we commenced in due time, we might have sent in ten thousand names, doubtlessly. Well persuaded am I that this number could be obtained if, in each town, one or two zealous and active men or women would undertake to canvass their own districts. And what better anti-slavery work could they do?

Those who refuse to sign the petition are generally office-seekers, party leaders, or rabid Democrats; or those Republicans who have had their fears excited by some "Union-savior," or who have heard that the petition originated in our Randolph Convention. This last objection, in some cases, is very potent. What good can come out of Nazareth? It may be gratifying to you, however, to know that our good Governor Fletcher is in favor of the movement, and has pledged his influence in its behalf. Is not this cheering? Notwithstanding his sinful position, identified with and upholding this wicked government, I cannot but honor the man who, standing at the head of the Republican party in Vermont, thus espouses the right. Let his name, as an anti-slavery man not wholly bought up by party, be honored. And may we not hope to yet see him far in advance of his party?

I should not fail to mention, in this connexion, that I see the names of Hon. William Slade and J. M. Slade at the head of one of the petitions presented last week. Gov. Fletcher and Gov. Slade! Let these names put to shame those leading Republicans in our State who are denouncing our movement as traitorous, or as anti-patriotic, as some of them do. By this, I presume, they mean anti-Federal Government—anti-Union! Well, I have not much love for the Union, I freely confess. How can I have, when I see it all stained, cemented, by the blood of the slave—nay, resting upon the lacerated backs and tortured frames of so many millions?

The work is fairly begun in the Legislature. We are beginning to pour in the petitions. In some cases hundreds of names go from a single town. In the Legislature there is a special committee to whom are referred all the petitions on this subject. What may be the result, we may, as yet, only hope or conjecture. I do not allow myself to be sanguine. The present Legislature is more *Republican* than *Anti-Slavery*.

Senator Nicholson has introduced a bill providing for the return of persons "escaping from service" from claimants in other States. It is cautiously worded to suit the anti-slavery interpretation of the United States Constitution. It makes no apparent provision for the return of slaves. Indeed, the bill wholly ignores the slave, and is so worded as to cover the case of escaping apprentices, &c. By what better name can we denominate such efforts to "bolster up" the Constitution than "lying subterfuges"? It almost makes me wish that I were a member of the Legislature long enough to have a hearing on this subject.

Did you know that your Massachusetts men are popular in our State? I wish, when you send us men to speak in Vermont, you would send us *decent* men—men who have backbone, as well as talent and eloquence. How my head hangs with shame when I have to tell you that one of your champions of slavery—Dr. Nehemiah Adams—has been here, on the invitation of the Vermont Bible Society, to deliver the address at the late anniversary meeting in Montpelier. Could you not have sent us some other than a "South-side" speaker? Does the Bible cause in Vermont need the aid of one who bows the knee to the dark Moloch of Slavery? But the politicians are not willing that the Executive Committee of the Bible Society shall outvie them in doing honor to those who are tools of the Slave Power. Only a day or two after Dr. Adams delivered his address in Montpelier, the House of Representatives, on joint resolution, invited Edward Everett to deliver his oration on Washington before the Legislature and the citizens of Montpelier. The member who introduced the resolution said it gave him great pleasure to offer the resolution, hoping to give the House an opportunity to hear "America's greatest living orator."

And this is Vermont religion and Vermont Republicanism! I love the Bible, and I admire fine oratory like that of the "silver-tongued" Everett; but what shall I say of those who do honor to those who prostitute talent and eloquence to the support of oppression? Let others do as they may, I hope I shall not forget what is written "Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." N. R. J.

Topsham, Vt., Oct. 26th, 1858.

THE *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the "great official" of the Northern Methodist Church, makes no reference, editorially, to the Rev. Mr. Bleby or his address at Dr. Cheever's church. It publishes in its column of news, in an obscure place, in solid type, a brief sketch of the lecture (copied, probably, from one of the daily papers), but the editor is too faithful a servant of cotton Methodism, and too tender of the feelings of his slaveholding brethren on the border, to utter a word of editorial commendation of the faithful Missionary from Barbadoes. The doings of the Southern Methodist Church—a body steeped to the very bones in the blood of the slaves—are often deemed worthy of prominent and complimentary reference in that great blanket-organ; but the efforts of a noble and self-denying missionary of the British Wesleyans to enlighten the American people in respect to the beneficent workings of emancipation in the West Indies are not thought by the editor to be of sufficient interest to be commended to the attention of his readers! As we said last week, Mr. Bleby is not at all indebted to the Methodists of New York (except individually to one or two persons) for a hearing in this city; and, but for the efforts of those who have been denounced by the *Advocate and Journal* as infidels and fanatics, he would, in all probability, have returned to Barbadoes without being afforded an opportunity to deliver his invaluable testimony. There are some Methodists in this city, as we happen to know, who are heartily ashamed of such conduct in the leaders of their Church;

ashamed, especially, that the editor of the *Advocate and Journal*, who often has occasion to make strong anti-slavery professions, is, after all, so utterly indifferent in respect to the cause of human rights.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2d.

DEEP as is the interest we all feel in Pennsylvania, and natural as is our desire that her abolitionism should stand fair on the record, we are conscious of no disposition whatever either to excuse her faults or apologize for her shortcomings. Indeed, quite the contrary, as is shown by abundant evidence. We are free to acknowledge that our meeting at West Chester was not so large as it ought to have been, and that the number of our voters in the Fremont campaign was a good deal larger than we could have desired it; nevertheless, I submit that our sins in neither of these respects were so peculiarly heinous as to make us justly the subjects of special public animadversion.

I know that it is the recourse of weak minds to say "we are no worse than our neighbors," and I remember well what Paul says about the folly of those "who compare themselves with themselves." "For," like him, "we dare not make ourselves of the number, or compare ourselves with some who commend themselves." Nevertheless, occasions may arise, and this I take to be one of them, when there is a propriety in saying that we are not "sinners above all others."

I once attended a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at the opening session of which there were not more, if so many, present as were in attendance at the corresponding session of our meeting at West Chester. Nor were the subsequent sessions of the same meeting any more largely attended than were the corresponding sittings of the West Chester meeting. And yet all the circumstances were favorable to a large gathering. The meeting was held, not in a country village, but in a populous city; not only was "our glorious pioneer" present, but all the stars in the firmament of Massachusetts shone out on the occasion; and a grand galaxy it was. Still, the facts in regard to the attendance were as I have represented them.

In respect to voting at the polls, a member of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has said that a large proportion, he did not state how large, of the supporters of that body had cast their suffrages, in 1856, for John C. Fremont. So that, after all, derelict as we have been, it would not be unsafe to assert that in no State of the Union, not excepting Massachusetts, and most certainly not excepting New Hampshire, was there a larger number of anti-slavery men who stayed away from the polls for conscience sake in 1856 than was to be found in Pennsylvania. New Hampshire is the native State and place of residence of our friend Parker Pillsbury, and the field of much of his early uncompromising labors; and yet the State Anti-Slavery Society of that Commonwealth is wholly defunct; its local Societies are things of the past, and its highest type of abolitionism, so far as the public is informed on the subject, is that which makes itself known at the polls.

I say these things not to impeach the abolitionism of other States, nor vindicate the purity of our own, but to show that comparisons may be odious without being invidious, and that, whether express or implied, they ought to be avoided.

Before leaving this subject I will say that while the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society includes voting Abolitionists, as do the American Society and all its affiliate organizations, none of its officers go to the polls; nor did any of them—I speak on their individual assurance—contribute a dollar "to aid in the Fremont strife."

Your paper of this week will doubtless contain some notice of the case of James L. Bowers, the Maryland anti-slavery man who was tarred and feathered last summer, and a few weeks ago driven out of the State for undertaking to bring to justice his persecutors. Mr. Bowers, though a Quaker, is no quietist. He is an Abolitionist of the old school, holding his principles by blood inheritance, personal conviction and matrimonial connection. His father was a member of the old Kent County (Md.) Abolition Society; he (the son) married a daughter of Abram Lower, of this city, and he is a brother-in-law of John Needles, of Baltimore. Mr. Bowers is an Abolitionist in grain; he hates slavery as David did his enemies—"with *perfect* hatred." The slaveholders have driven him from his home, but they have not got rid of him. He is a man of energy, intelligence and pluck. He stood his ground for years against his enemies, and only yielded at last when overpowered by numbers. His purpose now is to sell his farm for what it will bring and to carry on the contest from a distance. And as his weapons are moral, not physical—being pellets of truth, not bullets of lead, which carry much further than any Minnié rifle, he will enjoy a great advantage from this circumstance. This seems to have been understood by some of his opponents, for one of them was overheard to say, "You had better, a d—d sight, keep him here, where you can watch him, than send him away to where you can have no control over him."

Mr. Bowers says that two-thirds of the people of Kent County—that is all the middle and lower classes, with a few exceptions—are in his favor, while it is only the slaveholders who are against him. He says that the fact of his being driven out, so far from being proof, as his enemies allege, of his unpopularity, is evidence, when rightly understood, of the precise contrary. It was his influence and growing popularity with the non-slaveholders that made him odious to the oligarchy; he had carried an election for School Trustees over the heads of the combined slaveholders; this had revealed to them his power, and, as they judged, their danger; it was they that tarred and feathered him, and they that forced him into exile. The non-slaveholders, he asserts, are friendly to him and his cause; and if the press of the State were not entirely under the control of his enemies, this, he says, would be made manifest.

It is pleasant to read the good accounts your paper gives us of the anniversary meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. The Annual Report is marked by sound sense as well as sound doctrine, and the tone of the meeting seems to have been fully up to the emergency. I am glad that *The Bugle* is to be sustained and that the Society commences a new year with new energy. Mr. Garrison's presence seems to have been as great a deodand to Ohio as it was to us.

We have nothing of especial interest going on just now in Philadelphia. Politics have had their day, and the "Revival" is nearly played out. The chief evidence of the latter's existence is to be seen in the reported additions to the list of church members and the increasing number of church edifices. The "kingdom" that the Revival preaches is one that comes emphatically "of observation." Its power is chiefly visible in the multiplication of church steeples. As this, however, gives employment to needy workmen and improves the style of architecture here, we ought not to be wholly unthankful.

This is the day of your State election, and great excitement of course prevails among the politicians. I am curious to see how many votes will be given to the Gerrit Smith ticket. I fancy that Mr. Seward's Rochester speech will have greatly damaged Mr. Smith's prospects. That was the strongest political anti-slavery speech that has yet been delivered by any man of authority and mark, in these latter days. Mr. Seward has the honor of doing more toward keeping his party up to a point of anti-slavery decency than any other man in it. It is fitting that the man who asserted the doctrine of a "higher law," in the Senate, should now advocate the policy of an aggressive position in politics. While Mr. Seward's speech is a credit to the boldness and far-seeing sagacity of its author, it is a vindication of the wisdom of those Abolitionists who have never ceased to upbraid and deride the Republican party for its non-aggressive attitude. "We have nothing to do with slavery," has been reiterated by the Republican leaders. "*Delenda est Carthago*," has been the motto of the Abolitionists. "*Slavery must be destroyed*"—the two systems of liberty and slavery cannot coëxist in the same country. So says now Mr. Seward, the Coryphæus of Republicans. We thank him for it. It is a tribute to the fidelity and wisdom of the old Abolitionists, including Gerrit Smith, William Goodell and their honest co-laborers. It marks another point gained in this great controversy.

Evidence of the power and wisdom of aim of this blow here struck by Mr. Seward is manifest in the howling it has elicited from his enemies and the croaking it has produced among his timid friends. "Brutal and bloody" the New York *Herald* calls it. *The Press* of this city says: "It is characterized by Mr. Seward's usual ability, as well as by his usual ultra sectionalism. * * * He proclaims the doctrine that all the States of the Union must either become entirely slaveholding or entirely free-labor communities, and that a grand battle, with no truce or compromise, must be kept up until one of these results is accomplished. This is a platform which implies eternal agitation, and denies a moment's repose, at the cost of the Union itself." The *North American* can comprehend how "an enthusiast" can "draw battle parallels in which one party shall utterly overcome, crush out and destroy the other; but," its editor adds, "how a statesman proverbially cool, as Mr. Seward is, and above all others destitute of the passionate element, can enunciate a political policy for this great nation, which has no other plank than the single one of contest with an 'aristocracy of slaveholders,' we cannot understand."

The editor of the *North American* is evidently a young man; if he will "tarry awhile at Jericho," I fancy that this and perhaps several other things now not understood will become intelligible to him. The South, for a quarter of a century, have had only "one plank" in their policy, and yet they have gained every battle. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Mr. Seward doubtless believes it to be "right to learn from an enemy." M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on the doctrine of Election—But he is prudent—His views of Mr. Burlingame's Chances—Of the fresh funniments—The new galvanic battery—Desperate efforts of the resurrection men—Their partial success—The Cause of Education—And of Colonization—Gov. Gardner and the Irish Democrats—The parable of the Bank President—A queer nomination for Senator—Well merited calcitration—A case of Chronic Suicide—The Boston Public Library, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1858.

OF course you cannot expect me to write of anything but elections—that being the only subject on which men think or talk on the eve of one. To-morrow is the day here, as well as with you; and as you will know the result before this letter can go to press, it is not worth my while to exhaust my brain in speculating as to the result. The reëlection of Gov. Banks I take to be as good as made—though, should the fact prove otherwise, you will please expunge this sentence, as it will never do to let our infallibility be doubted. The main interest here, as it was two years ago, centres on the election of Mr. Burlingame, against whom the Administration and all the allies it can call to its aid from Beacon street to Broad street—which is the same thing as saying from the Fifth Avenue to the Five Points—are doing the best they can. And it is not at all unlikely that they will succeed. Mr. Burlingame's hold on the District was not very strong, as you may remember, when he was chosen last time, and then he had all the help that indignation at the Sumner attack could lend him. That feeling is necessarily less vivid now, and his war-speech last session has alienated some supporters and given an occasion of acting on others to his disadvantage. But twenty-four hours will tell the event, and I can abide it with entire equanimity, if you can.

This concentration of all the pro-slavery strength on this District has occasioned some funny developments, which will do much towards consoling the Republican party, if defeated, by the entertainment they have caused. In the first place, a strong galvanic battery has been applied to the old Whig party, which has now been dead for six years—ever since Mr. Webster smote it under the fifth rib on his death-bed—in the avowed expectation of resuscitating it and setting it on its crazy old legs again. This did not look, however, so desperate an undertaking, when it was ascertained that one at least of the persons whose names were signed to the Whig Manifesto to this effect had been dead for more than a year. For, if they had power to raise from the dead a Whig who had been over a year in his grave, it did not seem so impossible a thing to raise the party after being dead six years. I can only hope that these worthy and, generally, wealthy gentlemen may persevere in their trade of resurrection-men, and so provide a different subject—I can hardly call it a *new* or a *fresh* one—for the scalpel of comic anatomists to dissect. But I am afraid there is no hope of it. The apparition they seek to raise is only the ghost of the Whig party, which these necromancers have disturbed for the purpose of this particular election, and they will leave it to repose again as soon as it is over.

The great cause of education, however, you will be glad to hear, is in a fair way to be promoted by this political contest. You may remember that we have a law, passed under Know-Nothing influences, requiring that every voter should be able to read and write. Well, in order to defeat Mr. Burlingame, the aid of the army of the aliens has to be invoked, and, as a necessary preliminary, it is undergoing a course of drill preparatory for action. I was just told that the son of one of the chief Know-Nothing leaders, whose whole political capital has consisted of the Paddyphobia and its *sequelæ*, as the doctors say, is busy in *coaching* these "adopted fellow-citizens," to use a University cant term, or teaching them reading and writing enough to enable them to pass their examination! The Colonization scheme, also, is largely promoted by it. I do not precisely mean that scheme which proposes to convey men born in America back to their *native* continent of Africa—something as a newly launched ship is said "to glide into her native element," where she has never been before—but the Colonization of voters from one district to another where they are most wanted. Boston, you will remember, is split in two for Congressional purposes; and while the Northern part joins with Cambridge and Charlestown, the Southern division unites with Roxbury in the great duty of making a Congressman. Now, the Democratic party is in a hopeless minority in this last, so its flying artillery is to be manœuvred so as to tell on the other. Accordingly, hundreds of Irish families are translated into the Burlingame district for the purpose of defeating him, after which they may go back again, if they like, until they are wanted again.

And this puts me in mind of another funniment which we owe to the hatred of the Republican party borne by the Gardner Know-Nothings. And that is the coalition of Gov. Gardner with the Democrats and the Irish Brigade which makes up its principal effect force in this region. He came out last week at a Democratic meeting and took his oath of allegiance to whatever was contrary to the men that turned him out of office. The next day, the *Atlas and Bee* of this city made us all laugh by a queer story it told *apropos* to his ex-Excellency's speech. In the course of it he said that Mr. Heard—which is the name of the anti-Burlingame candidate—was a Tariff man. For, you must understand that among the other sprats used to catch gudgeons, the promise of a tariff is hooked on as the bait for the manufacturers. In proof of his assertion he said he had it from Mr. Heard himself, adding, "and when *I* tell you that he told *me* this, I presume there can be no doubt on the subject in any mind"—or words to "the same *defect*," as Dogberry says. *The Atlas*, quoting this statement the next morning, said it was reminded by it of what a Bank president once said of a note offered for discount. It bore the signature of the borrower that wished to be, and also the endorsement of some individual of local notoriety. The Bank president, taking up the note, said "this security, without the endorsement, is, on the whole, as bad a piece of paper as I ever saw; but, with the endorsement, it is not worth a d—n!" Men excused the impropriety of the expression in consideration of the wit of the application, and I hope you will pardon me for repeating it, for the same reason.

It was observed that none of the old Whig leaders of any note, with the exception of Mr. Nathan Appleton, were found among the believers in the miraculous resuscitation of the Whig party. Neither Mr. Everett, nor Mr. Winthrop, nor Mr. B. R. Curtis were among the number. On the strength of this fact, the Republicans nominated this last named gentleman as one of the Senators for Boston. You will remember he succeeded, as Judge of the Supreme Court, the late Levi Woodbury, and while on the bench procured the indictment of Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and sundry others as accessories before the fact of the attempted rescue of Burns, and afterwards, having found he had run before he was sent, drove his coach and six through the indictments, to the infinite disgust of my poor pet and *protégé*, Mr. Benjamin F. Hallet. He had previously earned his nomination by making a speech in Faneuil Hall in favor of the Fugitive Slave bill, and by sundry other pro-slavery services, and yet the Republicans of some district here selected him as their representative in the State Senate! I am happy to say that he kicked them—in a moral and spiritual sense—out of his presence, and has since come out in the papers disclaiming any title to any such affront on their part. Mr. Winthrop, too, has announced his intention of voting for Mr. Heard, by way of proving that his refusal to sign the Whig manifesto was the result of no virtue, but only, probably, of a natural unwillingness to make a fool of himself. This gentleman's case is one of Chronic Suicide. He is never tired of killing himself politically. So that if we are diverted by the vain attempts to raise the dead, on the one hand, we are entertained with indefatigable repetitions of self-slaying the self-slain over and over again, on the other.

Let us change the subject. I am glad to see that there is a movement on foot to establish a Woman's Library in your Gotham. This is very well, but why not have a Man's Library at the same time? We have set you the example. Our Public Library here is open to women as well as to men, to black as well as to white, and no inhabitant of the city need want reading, if he or she wishes for it. I will give you a full account of it, some time or other, for it is an institution of which we may be justly proud. It differs from your Astor Library in being primarily intended for the ordinary run of English readers. First of all was established a Circulating Library. This contained all the standard books in English literature, history, poetry, novels, biography, travels, and the *belles lettres* generally. Of the books in the greatest demand, many sets were provided, so that none might go away empty. In eight or nine months of the last year—three or four being consumed by the transferring of the library to the new building where it now is—over 75,000 volumes were taken out, besides all the reading done on the spot, being an average of more than 380 volumes every working day. The Reading-room is supplied with the most complete collection of periodical literature in the country. Indeed, any book or publication asked for is supplied, if unobjectionable. This room is always full, particularly in the afternoons and evenings, with diligent readers. No payment of any kind is required for the unlimited use of the library. Besides the Circulating Library, there is already a large collection of books intended chiefly for reference or the use of scholars. Some greater caution is used as to these works, which are generally more expensive and more difficult to replace than of the common books. But every one can have access to them, under proper restrictions, without money or price. It is intended to make it as perfect in this particular as your Astor Library in due time, while it is honorably distinguished from that noble institution by the more diffusive character of its benefactions. It is meant as a complement of the Common School system, so that after the City has taught its children to read, they shall not lack for books. The poorest inhabitant may there find opportunity to acquaint himself in English literature, and and also pursue any ancient or modern language, or science, with no tax except that of his time and strength. I do not see why such a library, on a greater scale possibly, might not be added to the Astor Library, so as to benefit all classes of your people, as well as the few learned pundits who now make use of it. D. Y.

PERSONAL.

Miss Landor, the young Salem (Mass.) sculptress, has returned to Italy with her portfolio full of orders. Her first work, Virginia Dare, a statuette, has been purchased by a wealthy and liberal lady of Salem.

The *Chester County* (Pa.) *Times* says it is reported that Thaddeus Stevens, after being assured of his election to Congress from the Lancaster District, in spite of all the efforts of the President to secure his defeat, went to the Telegraph office and despatched the following message: "*To His Excellency James Buchanan:* I'M COMING."

"Father Henson," some time since rescued from slavery, had a public reception in Boston on Thursday evening, Oct. 27th. Tremont Temple held a large audience, and Judge Russell held the chair. Father Henson and his brother Josiah detailed their experience in slavery, and, *The Traveller* says, the speech of Josiah was graphic and full of dry wit.

John Allen, who will be remembered by many of our readers, first as a Universalist clergyman at Rockport, Mass., then as an Abolitionist, and still later as an advocate of Fourierism, died recently at Patriot, Ia., where he was engaged in the culture of the grape. Last spring he made an unsuccessful effort to establish in this city a Socialistic paper entitled *The Movement*, of which only one number was issued.

The Boston *Traveller* of the 27th ult. says: "The statement has been quite extensively circulated in the newspapers that the Rev. Theodore Parker was dangerously ill, and that his disorder was of a consumptive nature. We understand that the illness of Mr. Parker is of a different character, and has assumed a favorable turn, so that he has been able, within a few days, to walk out. His friends are now encouraged to believe that he will soon be able, with restored health, to resume his public duties."

The Rev. Henry Bleby sailed from this port, for his home in Barbadoes, on Wednesday. He has not only made many warm friends during his brief stay in the United States, but rendered important service to the cause of freedom by the clear and reliable statements he has made of the auspicious results of emancipation. Thousands who have been edified by his public discourses will wish him a safe return to his field of labor and abundant success in its cultivation. We are happy in being able to say that our readers may expect, from time to time, to hear from him, through THE STANDARD, of the future workings of freedom in the West Indies.

The Boston *Transcript* states that the object of the return of Mrs. Crawford, widow of the sculptor, to Rome, is to superintend, in person, the fulfilment of her husband's last wishes in regard to the completion of several works partially executed at the time of his death. Crawford's studio has continued open and his workmen active since that melancholy event, which has only tended to add a new, though sad, attraction to the scene of his prolific toil. His house, also, has remained, with all its precious articles of *vertu*, and its many valuable works of art, precisely as he left it two years ago. Many complete models of half-finished statues give ample employment to his master-workman, who is familiar with his method and plans, and is conscientiously elaborating them.

STATE ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK.—The Republicans have elected their State ticket, carried the Legislature and chosen 25—perhaps more—of the 33 Representatives to Congress.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Republicans carried the State, at the election on Tuesday last, by increased majorities. Banks is reëlected Governor, and the Legislature, in both branches, is overwhelmingly Republican. The Republicans have also carried every one of the eleven Congressional Districts. The Administration, aided by the *debris* of ancient Whiggery, made a desperate effort to defeat Anson Burlingame, but in vain. Among the members of Congress elected is Charles Francis Adams, who inherits the talent, the independence and the indomitable pluck of his father and grandfather. The Slave Power will find in him a sturdy and invincible opponent.

NEW JERSEY.—The returns are not complete, but the Republicans have unquestionably secured a majority in the Legislature (giving them power to elect a U. S. Senator), and elected the whole Congressional delegation, 5 in number.

DELAWARE.—The Democrats have carried this State, electing Governor, a majority of the Legislature, and the member of Congress.

ILLINOIS.—Douglas has probably triumphed in the election of a Legislature which will reëlect him to the U. S. Senate.

WISCONSIN.—As far as received, the returns are favorable to the Republicans.

MICHIGAN.—The news thus far received indicates a Republican triumph, by a majority somewhat diminished from last year.

JAMES S. GIBBONS, a Garrisonian Abolitionist, who was a few years ago among our most foul-mouthed abusers, denouncing us as an apostate from genuine Abolitionism, now finds himself in the howling abyss of Republicanism, and, from the slimy depths of his present treacherous abode, makes up the following *ugly face* at our candidate for Governor. Can this Gibbons look an honest man in the face? We know of whom we speak.

"Permit me to say a word about Gerrit Smith. My co-operation with him in the anti-slavery reform, for a number of years, and my knowledge of his many good traits of character, would incline me to vote for him if the elective franchise were a mere toy, to be used for personal compliment. But it is our only popular defence against despotism over human rights, and can be made practically serviceable only when embodied in a majority."

We copy the above from an unscrupulous and malignant sheet published at Rochester, the name of which it would be superfluous to mention. The mendacity of the writer will be sufficiently apparent if we state that Mr. Gibbons has not been "a Garrisonian Abolitionist" since the American Anti-Slavery Society first avowed itself in favor of a dissolution of the Union; that he voted for Henry Clay in 1844, for Van Buren in 1848, for Gen. Scott in 1852, and for Fremont in 1856. In voting for Morgan for Governor in preference to Gerrit Smith he is not, therefore, departing "now" from the Garrisonian platform, but acting as a Republican might naturally be expected to do. We may also add that Mr. Gibbons has taken no part, since 1844, directly or indirectly, with the American Anti-Slavery Society in any of its controversies with those who have lifted up the heel against it.

The unprincipled maligner who talks so glibly of Mr. Gibbons as having descended into "the howling abyss of Republicanism" and the "slimy depths of treachery," only because that gentleman preferred Mr. Morgan to Gerrit Smith for Governor, is the very man who, after aiding in the nomination of Mr. Smith for President in 1856, abandoned him on the eve of the election and ran up the flag of Fremont! Think of the measureless effrontery of such a whiffler in bringing the charge of "treachery" against a man who has steadily adhered to the Republican party for years, and has not at any time professed to be anything but a Republican!

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY-SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the *same*, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

E. H. HEYWOOD, at the request of friends of the cause, will hold himself in readiness to speak for the slave as opportunities may be presented. He has permission to refer to Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE of Andover, Mass., WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Dr. CHEEVER of New York. His post-office address for the present will be Hubbardston, Mass.

To relieve himself of a debt incurred in pursuing his studies, Mr. H. will be glad to speak before Lyceums, if occasion is offered. His subject for the coming winter will be, *Individualism and Institutionalism*.

ROBERT COLLYER will preach, Providence permitting, in Pineville, Bucks Co., Pa., on Sunday, the 14th inst., at 10 1-2 o'clock a. m., and will deliver an Anti-Slavery address in the same place, on the same day, at 2 1-2 o'clock p. m.

Summary.

A LADY'S PAPER.—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith recently read an Essay before the Young Men's Christian Union, at Clinton Hall, on "Our Humanity."

The Charleston *Mercury* of Oct. 7, says:

"It can be proved that most of the leading founders of our Republic were Abolitionists."

IN PLACE.—John Mitchel is to remove to Washington, at the commencement of the next Congress, and thenceforward will publish there his Southern *Citizen*, an ultra pro-slavery organ.

A letter was dropped into the post-office, in Greenfield, Mass., last week, directed to "Eggarborcitty Nnschersy." After some study, it was sent to Egg Harbor City, N. J.

BOSTON TRACT SOCIETY.—The Boston *Atlas* says that the Boston Tract Society have voted to issue immediately four tracts on the subject of slavery, and that among them is the tract of Scripture texts recently rejected by the New York Society.

In imitation of the motto of the Fulton street prayer-meeting, New York, "No controverted points discussed here!" a fashionable drinking saloon in this city displays the legend, "No swearing and no religious discussions allowed here."

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes: "Some youth, natives of Senegal—blacks—have arrived here for rudimental instruction, and ulterior education in the College of Algeria. They belong to the ruling families, and are of good promise; their ages twelve and fourteen."

A BUSY CANVASS.—The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of the Ninth Indiana District, has just been re-elected to Congress by 1,930 majority. During the campaign he made one hundred and one speeches, thus increasing his majority nine hundred above that which elected him two years ago. Mr. C. is among the ablest, though also one of the youngest, public men of the country.

THE FRENCH SLAVE TRADE.—The Paris *Pays*, of a recent date, contains a favorable report on the "emigration" of "free negro laborers" into Guadaloupe and Martinique. According to this report two vessels had brought 1,500 negroes, all in good condition. The *Pays* ascribes this result to the superior treatment received by the "emigrants" on French vessels.

YELLOW FEVER IN TEXAS, AND HOMŒOPATHY.—The following is from a lawyer in Texas to his brother in this city:

"We are having a fine time here with yellow fever. I have watched and nursed sick neighbors for a fortnight past, and am near exhausted.

"Homœopathy is the only treatment that has succeeded, and so far it has been universally successful. No single exception. Under the allopathic treatment nearly all have died."

Col. Richard T. Archer, of Virginia, has published a card in which he announces himself in favor of the secession of the cotton States from the Union. We do not remember to have seen this name conspicuous in the politics of that State, but we do not keep the run of all the great men of Virginia, and it is quite likely that he may be among them. So we make a record of his position; and when he accomplishes his purpose, we will thank him to let us know.—*Prov. Journal.*

CRINOLINE DETHRONED IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing October 14th, says "Crinoline is dethroned," and writes as follows of the new fashion of a train:

"I almost like the new fashion, although I suspect it may prove no gentler enemy to man's purse than its predecessor. It is long and draped and floating, like a Muse's costume—or like the attire in which Milton robed the 'pensive Nun, devout and pure.'"

NEW TANNING MATERIAL.—It is stated in *The Maine Farmer* that a premium was awarded at the State Fair for a calf-skin tanned by the use of sweet fern. If it is true that this hitherto useless shrub, which so abounds in our pastures, can thus be applied to a beneficial purpose, a tremendous saving will be made by the operation. The skins were tanned in one week, and had the appearance of the best French calf-skin.—*Tribune.*

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.—At a meeting of the Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church and congregation, Monday evening, at Plymouth Church, to consider plans for building the proposed new church edifice, over $41,000 were subscribed. The largest subscription was $6 000; there were one or two of $5,000, and many of smaller sums. The smallest favors from the friends of the institution are to be received, and scrip issued for the same, bearing interest at 7 per cent., payable in pew rents in the new church, which is to be commenced early in January.

PREACHING POLITICS.—An action, entitled Osgood vs. Croden, has recently been tried before the Supreme Court of Maine, at Machias, of which the following is a report:

"This action was brought to recover $16 subscribed by defendant toward payment for plaintiff's services as preacher of the Gospel. In the testimony it appeared that the money was not to be paid if the plaintiff 'preached politics,' which the defendant thought he did, and consequently withheld payment. The jury failed to agree, after being out five hours."

CONCATENATION.—The *Observer* mentions among the "great events of 1858": (1.) The revival of religion, "the most extensive and thorough ever experienced in America"; (2.) The triumph of the American Tract Society—"the greatest moral victory of truth over error achieved since the reformation under Martin Luther." The language reminds us, says the *Congregationalist*, of an extract which we once saw from the diary of a quaint, but matter-of-fact, farmer, whose first two items, under the head of "losses for the year," were, as follows:

1. A wife, aged 42—died suddenly of stoppage, Jan. 23.
2. The old rooster—killed by a dog, March 4.

THE IMPIETY OF CRINOLINE.—LADIES IN HOOPS FORBIDDEN TO PARTAKE THE SACRAMENT.—The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian's profession, seem to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

It is a singular fact that while the Western Powers have opened China at the mouth of the cannon, and have compelled the singular people of that country, against all their traditions and all their laws and usages and prejudices, to admit foreigners into the interior, an American State has passed stringent laws prohibiting the immigration of the Chinese. We suppose that the Chinese people, although much degraded, are not inferior in obedience to the laws, and are not more addicted to offences of which the laws take cognizance, than the average of the people of California. The law excluding them is anti-republican, and probably as much against policy as it certainly is against justice.—*Providence Journal.*

PLEASURES OF MISERY.—The Charleston *Mercury* finds its chief enjoyment in being miserable. It talks of disunion with melancholy satisfaction. The late elections have by no means gone as it could have wished. Like the distressed Hibernian damsel, the South has been ruined times without number. The latest disaster has been the repudiation of the English bill. The whole North, says the *Mercury*, is sectionalized. Almost every man who voted for the Lecompton act is politically buried. "The President's home, and county, and State have turned their faces in rebuke and anger away from him." The *Mercury* does not impute this to Scotch pipes, or any such nonsense as the wrath of the iron interest. And it concludes with this touching appeal: "People of the North, leave us to our rights in peace or we dissolve the Union!"

DIFFERENCE IN LIFE.—*Elderly Gentleman:* Oh, Molly dear, I can recollect the time, when you and I went on a little trip, that we were content to take one simple, small trunk between us; but now we cannot move away from home without dragging after us boxes, and portmanteaus, and dressing-cases, and travelling-bags, and writing-desks, and imperials, and—oh, dear me!—bonnet-boxes, and the like, without end. And yet, do you know, I often doubt, my dear, whether we have any more enjoyment for having such a plaguy lot of luggage. It strikes me, Molly, that we enjoyed ourselves a precious sight more when we had no more than that 'ere trunk to carry both our things in. [Elderly gentleman sighs audibly, when he contemplates in the passage the fearful heap of luggage, for which a Pickford's van is waiting outside.]

NICARAGUAN EMIGRANTS.—The Government of Nicaragua has taken active measures to meet the renewed invasion of filibusters with which they are threatened by Walker. Its Minister, M. Yrissari, has published a notification to all who intend to emigrate thither, that *passports* will be required duly signed and countersigned by the representatives of Nicaragua here, and that without such documents they will not be allowed to land. The efficacy of this precaution depends, of course, upon the ability of the government to enforce compliance with it. Upon the river San Juan it will doubtless have the aid of Costa Rica, and at all points it will undoubtedly offer sufficient resistence to any attempt at evading these regulations to make the character of the act apparent to the world.—*Times.*

A rumor has reached us that on Monday last, the 11th ult., G. W. Clark, notorious for the murder of Barber, was *shot and sculped*, near Lecompton, by some person or persons unknown.

Clark, after leaving Fort Scott, which had become too hot to hold him, received from the President the appointment of Purser in the Navy Yard at Washington. He had returned to Lecompton to settle some business matters connected with his former residence there—was waylaid and killed. He was undoubtedly killed by some person who had been a victim to his brutality when, with armed bands, he moved over the Territory, killing and burning, without respect to age or sex, and has followed him as an avenging angel, watching for an opportunity to destroy him.—*Emporia (Kansas) News.*

DISCIPLINE AT SEA.—The immense loss of life attendant upon the burning of the steamship Austria elicits, of course, all kinds of recommendations for the future. But the most novel precaution is that adopted by Capt. Pearson of the Pacific mail steamship John L. Stephens. No sooner does his vessel leave port than he assigns to each passenger a position in one of the life-boats, and the men are enrolled into a boat guard, and drilled each day in all the minutiæ of launching the boats, &c. The idea has proved a popular one on the Pacific side, and many passengers have been known to wait at both ends of the route for his ship in preference to any other vessel. This is a capital precaution, and might prove beneficial on our Atlantic Ocean steamships.—*Tribune.*

AN HISTORICAL NEGRO.—We mentioned on Tuesday that Robert Barhydt, an old colored man, had been found dead at Kinderhook. Rob, or "Old Peacock," as he was commonly called, has passed through many vicissitudes in the course of his long life. He was born in Schodack, a slave in the Barhydt family, who sold him to the Van Alleus, from whom he was afterwards purchased by John Schemerhorn, of Schodack Landing. In the meantime the war of 1812 broke out, and Rob, being of an uneasy disposition and fond of change, ran away from his last master, and made tracks for the city of New York, where he arrived about the time the sloop-of-war Hornet was about to sail on a cruise, aboard of which he shipped as cook. He participated in the action fought by the Hornet with the Peacock, which resulted in the capture of the latter vessel, and upon the arrival of the Hornet in New York, after the victory, he was discharged. We understand that he had received a quarter section of land from government for his services.—*Albany Knickerbocker, 21st ult.*

ELDER HARRY CHAPMAN.—A venerable old gentleman, calling himself by this name has visited our place within a few days. He is a Baptist preacher, who has grown up under the suffocating shadow of Virginian slavery, to learn to preach well, read, and has acquired a fund of general information, as well as his own freedom. He is 68 years old, and enjoys fine health and a good constitution. He was born in slavery, and lived to the age of 61 in that condition, when he bought himself for $500. Since that time he has bought his wife and five children, and paid for them some $4,000, yet owing about $400. This he is trying to raise by small collections where he preaches, and the sale of some of his songs. He preached in this place on Sunday evening, and is now visiting different parts of this county. He has with him the proper documents to prove the truth of his story. We bespeak for him a generous hearing wherever he goes.—*Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel.*

A GOVERNOR NON-PLUSSED.—The other night, as the ministers were returning from Conference, on the E. T. & Ga. Railroad, an amusing occurrence took place between Gov. Brown and Parson Brownlow. Just before the cars arrived at Knoxville, Gov. Brown came up, and, taking the Parson by the hand, remarked:

"How do you do, brother Brownlow? I am happy to see you."

The courtesy was returned, when the Governor continued:

"I hope you will moderate all your notions of propriety in regard to your fellow-citizens—live a good Christian—and last, though not least, become a good Democrat."

The Parson, with the eccentric look peculiar to himself, stretched himself up and remarked:

"Governor, an old gentleman of your politics, many hundred years ago, took our Savior upon a mountain and preached just such a sermon."

The outburst of laughter can be better imagined than described.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

CAPTURE OF A SUSPICIOUS VESSEL.—On Saturday night, a suspicious-looking vessel, which has been watched by the Federal authorities for the past week, was overhauled opposite East Greenwich, Conn. She started from Pier No. 48, East River, on Friday night, and it was supposed she was about to depart to the coast of Africa for a cargo of slaves. After she was brought to, a search was instituted, and it was found that she was laden with whiskey and tobacco. There were only four men on board, including the captain, who is an American. The captain stated that they had no clearance, but had been hired to take the vessel to Salem, and they were to be paid by the day for their labor and their passage back to New York. The vessel was brought back to this city, and anchored alongside the cutter Washington. The name of the suspicious vessel is said to be "Madison." An investigation will take place before one of the United States Commissioners in the course of a few days.—*Tribune.*

THE FUN OF A MULE RACE.—At the County Fair at New Albany, Ind., the people had a most hearty laugh over a mule race after the fashion of an Irish Donkey race, where each man rides his neighbor's beast, and the last one in wins. It is not a bad way of closing up a cattle show. It is decidedly better than "female equestrianism." At New Albany, seven entries were made, and when the drum tapped they all started, but were in a few moments strung along the track for half a mile; persons were stationed at proper intervals for the purpose of keeping the mules in the track, which they did at considerable trouble. We never saw such frenzied excitement as the crowd exhibited when the last and winning mule, entered by Andy Huncilman, came stumbling up the stretch, followed by at least 2,000 people, shouting in the most deafening manner. The mule came slowly under the line—was almost pushed to the mark, we might say. One of the judges sung out to the crowd that the time of the slowest mule was made in ten minutes and *seventy-two seconds.*—*Tribune.*

ESPIONAGE OF AMERICAN SCHOOL GIRLS IN PARIS.—The following extract from a recent letter of a young American girl in Paris furnishes an amusing instance of the application of the French Emperor's system:

"I want to tell you a queer accident that befell me the other day. As my friend —— and I were walking away from the garden of the Tuilleries, about six o'clock, and talking about Napoleon First, I saw a soldier near us, who happened to overhear the word Napoleon. Whereupon he pricked up his ears, picked up his gun and followed us from there all the way across the bridge, where we, being a little frightened, took a carriage home. He watched us for some time, and, seeing there was nothing wrong, went back. I suppose he took us for conspirators. You know this Napoleon has spies at every corner; and if they hear the name Napoleon, they immediately suspect something is wrong, and try to find you out. He is a horrid man, as you know, and the greatest coward living. All these beautiful things that he is doing to keep his people amused show as much as anything that he is afraid."—*Evening Post.*

DESPERATE CONFLICT WITH A RUNAWAY NEGRO.—*The Clayton Banner* gives the particulars of a desperate rencounter between a Mr. Edward Garland, of Glennville, and a runaway negro, the property of Dr. J. B. Owens, of Russell County, Alabama. The boy was discovered by Mr. Garland, who came up with him in advance of others in pursuit, when the negro stopped, drew a scythe blade, with which he had previously killed a valuable dog, and in a moment rushed upon Mr. Garland. Fortunately Mr. G. was armed with a stick, with which he knocked the weapon from the negro's hand, but the latter immediately seized Mr. G.'s horse by the bridle and commenced stabbing the animal in the neck with a dirk, from the effects of which it soon died. He lost this weapon also before he could use it on Garland. Springing on the horse, he seized Mr. G. by the neck and dragged him to the ground, and in the struggle that ensued bit off a part of one of Mr. G.'s ears. Finding Mr. G. pretty well exhausted, and thinking, perhaps, that others would arrive, he made off again. In a short time, however he was decoyed by a negro who immediately seized him, when another violent battle ensued, in the midst of which a gentleman passing by, seeing the fracas, came to the aid of the assisting negro, and, placing a pistol at the head of the runaway, forced him to surrender. The negro has been committed to stand his trial at the next term of the Court for an assault with intent to murder.

TOBACCO.—I cannot in conscience avoid placing in the same category [with ardent spirits] the cultivation and manufacture of a poisonous plant, whose narcotic and exhilarating qualities make it a general favorite, in spite of the Counterblast of King James, the decrees of popes and emperors, and the yet more powerful attacks of physicians, clergymen and scientific men in our own day. Rarely will you find the individual addicted to its use who will not confess the habit to be a useless and filthy one; and yet appetite triumphs over his convictions, and he is made a slave for life. The consequence is that the demand for this weed all over the whole world is immense—no less than twenty millions of dollars being annually expended for it in this country. And to its preparation thousands, and even millions, of immortal minds devote all their powers, instead of consecrating them to the advancement of knowledge and the happiness of man. But I am sorry to say that, so extensive is the habit of using this intoxicating drug, that I fear I shall have but little sympathy in its condemnation, and that I shall be regarded as too ascetic for this narcotic-loving age.—*Hitchcock on Waste of Mind.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE EPIDEMIC.—A touching case was presented recently to the consideration and charity of one of the good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Claiborne street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them up to his home, up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent us to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you've been so long on the way."—*N. O. Delta.*

THE WIT OF A WITNESS.—I see Mr. Otis P. Lord, of Salem, is set up in that district as a third candidate of some sort, for the purpose of defeating Mr. Alley, of Lynn. He ought to be among the revivers of the Whig party, as he was an active member of it, if I am not mistaken. And, perhaps, he is, and I did not notice his name. Did I once tell you of an adventure of his in Court, with my excellent friend, James N. Buffum, of Lynn? I am afraid I did; but, never mind; it will bear telling twice. Mr. Buffum, who is a self-taught man of much intelligence, was a witness in some case, in which Mr. Lord was counsel on the other side. In the course of his testimony, he made use of the expression "philosophically speaking." Mr. Lord caught it up and turned and twisted it as he best could, to make the witness ridiculous. The matter in dispute had something to do with the strength of hogsheads. "Supposing the air was exhausted from a hogshead," asked Mr. Lord, "what part of it would give way first?" "The head, of course," replied the witness. "Ah, the head?" retorted Mr. Lord, with a glance at the jury to prepare them for fun: "now, Mr. Witness, as you are a great philosopher, can you tell the jury the reason why, 'philosophically speaking,' the head should give way first?" "Because," answered the witness, "hogsheads are like some lawyers, *their heads are the weakest part of them!*"—*Byles, in The Tribune.*

BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.—From Oregon we learn that a battle was fought, on the 1st ult., at the Four Lakes (about 150 miles north-east from Walla-Walla), between 325 United States troops and about 400 hostile Indians—Spokans, Pelonses, and Cœur d'Alenes. The red men were defeated, with a loss of 18 dead, and many more wounded. Not one of the whites was injured in the least. Col. Wright was marching with 600 troops from Fort Taylor northward toward Colville, in hopes of getting a fight from the Indians, who were very confident. On the third day he began to see some of them, and a couple of days afterward he came upon a large body of them posted on a hill between four lakes. The infantry battalion, under Capt. E. D. Keyes, and the dragoons, under Capt. E. O. C. Ord (their troops amounting to 325), were ordered to charge, which they did in good style. They were armed with Minié rifles, and as they advanced they used these, picking off the Indians, as they showed themselves from behind the trees, at distances which exceedingly astonished the red men, who supposed that 100, or at most 200, yards was as far as a man could be hit with a rifle ball. They were terrified as they saw their brethren killed at a distance of 400 yards, and being at a great disadvantage with their short-range muskets, they fled. After they had gotten out of reach of the soldiers, they were followed by twenty-five Nez Percé allies of Col. Wright, who came back, after a few hours' chase, with several scalps. They were forbidden to take scalps, but they do it nevertheless.

HEAD-DRESSES AND HOOPS.—In the year 1713, one hundred and forty-five years ago, the Duke of Shrewsbury was English ambassador at the court of France. The Duchess of Shrewsbury was on the wrong side of forty-five, and, having been a beauty in her youth, she was unwilling to believe that time had made any change. She spoke bad French fluently, was eccentric, gave magnificent balls and suppers, and all Paris (titled Paris, of course) felt honored by her invitations. The Duchess disliked the head-dresses in fashion. They were made of wire, ribbons, gauze, and other millinery materials, intermingled with the hair of the head, and were more than two feet high, so that the face of the wearer, if a short woman, appeared in the middle of the body. Old women wore them made of black gauze, from which we infer that gay colors were worn by the young. The slightest motion of the head caused the edifice to tremble, and the fatigue of carrying it was excessive.

Louis XIV., so absolute in little as well as great things, disliked exceedingly these head-dresses; and although they had been the fashion for ten years, he was unable to change it. What the Grand Monarch could not accomplish was brought about by the *will* of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, ("*une vieille folle etrangere*," as St. Simon calls her), in a surprisingly short time. She gave out that no lady wearing a high head-dress should be permitted to appear in her rooms, and from the extreme of elevation to the extreme of depression the change was then made, and with slight modifications the fashion has remained the same ever since.

All reasonable people, says St. Simon, wait impatiently the arrival of "*une vieille folle etrangere*," who shall induce our fashionable women to leave off their immense *hoops*, so insupportable to themselves and so detestable to those who approach them.—*Eve. Post.*

MARRIED.

UNDERHILL—BROWN.—In this city, Nov. 2, by the Rev. John Pierpont, Daniel Underhill to Anna L. Brown.

TUBBS—TUTHILL.—On Wednesday, Oct. 27, by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. Samuel W. Tubbs to Miss R. Emma Tuthill, daughter of Samuel B. Tuthill, Esq., all of Brooklyn.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard, from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, 1858.

1008	Geo. L. Buckley, New York City,	$2 00
1008	John W. Perego, "	2 00
1008	Henry Dean, "	2 00
1008	Thomas Watkins, "	2 00
964	Wm. H. Burr, "	2 00
939	Robert M. Pratt, "	2 00
994	G. G. Judson, "	2 00
983	Smith Griffith, Nassau, New York,	2 00
943	J. B. Roberts & Co., Milltown, "	2 00
959	Gideon Wales, Pike Pond, "	1 30
1005	D. W. Cole, Fairfield, "	2 00
983	S. B. Smith, Newark, "	1 00
983	D. S. Fox, " "	1 00
1007	J. H. Stephenson, Boston, Massachusetts,	2 00
1007	Mrs. F. King, " "	2 00
1009	F. H. Henshaw, " "	2 00
1031	C. F. Hovey, " "	4 00
1009	Geo. L. Stearns, " "	2 00
989	Mrs. R. G. Shaw, " "	2 00
1006	Miss Louisa R. Beal, Hingham, "	2 00
997	Miss Lydia Andrews, " "	2 00
987	Azariah Smith, Middlefield, "	1 00
1011	Mrs. Eliza Goodwin, Concord, "	2 00
964	Mrs. Anna Alley, Lynn, "	4 00
952	Jos. Ricketson, New Bedford, "	2 00
982	R. Hinchcliffe, Clappville, "	1 00
982	Miss N. M. Wood, Westminster, "	1 00
982	Jerome Whitman, " "	1 00
998	Henry Withington, Medford "	2 00
988	Martha Griffith, West Grove, Pa.,	2 00
888	P. P. Winslow, Eolia, Wis.,	1 00
981	M. J. Smith, Lancaster, Ia.,	1 00
960	Rev. C. B. Campbell, Como, Ill.,	1 16
	Elizabeth J. Williams, Wilmington, Del.,	4 00
964	N. Baker, North Orange, N. J.,	1 00
	Carrie S. Carver, Rising Sun, Md.,	2 00
	Esther Richmond, Marlboro', O.,	1 00
	Wm. Robinson, Pulaski, Pa.,	7 00
970	J. J. E. Linton, Stratford, C. W.,	1 00
970	C. W. Osterhout, Melville, "	1 00

Donations.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society (proceeds of Fair at Worcester),	$359 13
Charles F. Hovey, Boston, for pledge in May,	200 00
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,	400 00
Ellen Johnson, Burlington, N. J., for pledge,	5 00

Collections by Joseph A. Howland.

Canterbury, Connecticut,	1 54
Moosup, "	86
Scotland, "	2 18
Jewitt City, "	82
Hopeville, "	87
Newant, "	81
Mystic, "	1 56
Westerly, Rhode Island,	6 96
Ashaway, "	2 10
Peace Dale, "	1 53
Kingston, "	1 20
Sarah Eldridge, East Greenwich, R. I.,	1 00

Collections by Parker Pillsbury in Massachusetts.

Hyannis,	$6 41	Gardner,	1 40
Florence,	3 17	West Wrentham,	6 69
E. E. Hammond, Florence	1 50	South Gardner,	1 50
Samuel L. Hill, "	5 00	A. A. Bent, S. Gardner,	1 00
Northampton,	83	E. D. Draper, Milford,	5 00
South Natick,	3 00	C. H. Estabrook, Rutland,	3 00
Felchville,	50	George S. Flint, "	2 00
Natick,	11 00	J. E. Estabrook, "	1 00

At West Randolph (Vt.) Convention, 8 53

Special Notices.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FEMALE FAIR CIRCLE.—The Philadelphia Fair Circle will meet on Wednesday evening, Nov. 10th, at the house of Mrs. Hallowell, No. 1015 Race st.

☞ FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Anti-Slavery Office, on Thursday, Nov. 11th, at 3½ p. m.

☞ CLARKSON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Doe Run, Friends' meeting-house, on Seventh day, the 20th of Nov., at 1 o'clock p. m. ELIZABETH COATES, Secretary.

THEODORE PARKER'S SERMONS.

1. True and False Theology.
2. A True and False Revival of Religion.
3. The Revival of Religion which we Need.

Just received and for sale at 8 cts. per single copy, or $5 per hundred, by S. T. MUNSON, General Agent, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y., Two doors East of Broadway and nearly opposite the Lafarge House.

N. B.—S. T. M. is also Agent for all Spiritual and Reform publications.

STROUD'S SKETCH OF THE LAWS RELATING TO SLAVERY, for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street. Price 15 cents. Every friend of freedom should have a copy of this work and make himself familiar with its contents.

Miscellaneous Department.

PURITAN BALLADS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: With all the charges that be against you and your co-workers as 'monomaniacs,' I often discover in your columns of selected matter the proof that your readers are persons of varied tastes and information; and, of course, like other conductors of the public press, you suit your supplies to the demand, furnishing your readers with all things except such as are tainted with slavery. From a constant reading of your selections, I have ventured to suppose a certain archæological, conservative element in the mind of Abolitionists, which makes me bold to send you the enclosed selections from some old American Ballads. *Query*—Is not that *old* which dates almost half the way back towards that American *nuit des temps*—the year 1620? Is not that *curious* which illustrates the obscure annals, the ancient piety and the primitive poesy of the oldest town but one, in the oldest State but one?

I lately visited the localities of the ballad, but learned that the "new meeting-house" was many years ago replaced (American fashion) by a newer, without sounding board, clattering seats to the pews or miniature balustrade round their tops—the three characteristics of meeting-house architecture in old times so agreeable to infant minds. The charming green path which the octogenarians remember, shaded by pollard willows, under which, on the Sabbath day, stood the row of "*horse-and-chais*," during the short-prayer, psalm, long-prayer, hymn, sermon, second-short-prayer, Doxology and benediction—with the square stone pile where the old men mounted and dismounted from their horses, at a time when there was but one watch-tower for every five square miles of the wall of Zion—this lovely, lonely spot, then called "Meeting-house lane," where, except on the Sabbath, wheels never crossed the sod, has now become a broad dusty way, at the entrance of which stands a white guide-board, lettered CHURCH STREET. There is but little of the old charm left, except, indeed—and it is a great exception—what lingers in traditional associations, for it is here that the young daughters of the beloved parson SMITH used to drive their hoops past the meeting-house, from the parsonage; and one of them was afterwards the wife of the elder Adams. Here, too, the faithful and devoted NORTON, his successor, studied and meditated.

Weymouth is not now the thinly settled, farming Weymouth of 1751, but a driving business town of some seven thousand inhabitants. In one respect, however, it remains unchanged; for I do not believe there is a single house within its limits which would, any more than in those old free times, refuse to shelter a fugitive from slavery.

The old house of "the man of note," built in the second style of New England homesteads, with two stories in front, and a long stoop of roof towards the ground at the back, with heavy wooden balls on the high gate-posts, and square diamond-paned windows, has long been taken down from the brow of the hill looking towards "Meeting-house lane." It is to this one of their ancestors, the Hon. Adam Cushing, renowned in the region round about for his public spirit, that the town of Weymouth owes its invaluable "alewife fishery," he having, as tradition has handed down, run with the live fish in a bucket five miles by the river side, constantly changing the water—thus bequeathing to the "General Court" of Massachusetts the duty of legislation for the preservation of these fishes to all coming time. In view of the legislative duties of the coming winter in regard to the laws that concern free soil and the right of asylum, let all good men unite in the scriptural ejaculation, "The Lord make you fishers of men!"

But I must not detain you from the ballads. The author's name was PAUL TORREY; and he entitled and prefaced the whole work as follows; and I hope, Mr. Editor, that you as well as myself "are so minded as to promote it to more public view":

GOD'S VOICE

Crying to the inhabitants of Weymouth and the neighboring towns.

DEDICATION.

Seeing that no man among the learned clergy hath set forth a declaration concerning the awful dispensations of Divine Providence on the town of *Weymouth*, and the neighboring towns, to preserve the memory thereof; it seemed to me a pity that the memory of such awful and wonderful things as have befallen us, chiefly in the year 1751, should not be preserved to future posterity: I have therefore made bold to draw up a few homespun lines, to offer to my friends and neighbors, the inhabitants of *Weymouth*, and the neighboring towns, who had a share with us in these sore calamities.

It may be wondered these lines were no sooner brought to light; but, as it were, born out of due time; for satisfaction in that matter, these lines were drawn up and laid by a considerable time ago; some of them respecting the meeting-house, which was long before it was finished; it seemed improper to offer a DEDICATION POEM, till near upon the finishing stroke was completed.

And if there be any that are so minded as to promote these broken lines to more public view, they may have an opportunity so to do, to preserve the memory of these remarkable things to future posterity, unless they had rather the memory thereof should be buried in the silent mansions of the dead.

Such things as these may well deserve
  A room in memory:
And if you please, you may preserve
  Them to posterity.

Unto that end, would you promote
  These lines to public view,
In proper time you may no doubt
  Have them presented you.

Or do you such like thoughts advance,
  As to esteem it thus;
But a hard fortune or a chance
  Has happened unto us.

Or would you in oblivion land
  Entire concealment make:
God's awful dealings might demand!
  We should more notice take.

A FUNERAL ELEGY

On the death or consumption of our old Meeting-House, by fire, aged about seventy years.

"For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God." I. Pet. iv. 17.

"Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire." Isaiah lxiv. 11.

Now to relate the dismal fate
  Our meeting-house befel,
Which did expire in flames of fire;
  Who burnt it, none can tell.

Shall I tell who it was to you,
  The meeting-house burnt down?
Or shall I then bring out those men
  This dreadful deed hath done?

Now, friends or foes, they, I suppose,
  As your near neighbors dwell;
If none me blame, I can them name,
  I know them all so well.

Sirs, if you please, the names of these,
  I'll some of them relate;
To this intent, if you consent
  A little while to wait——
—*Covetousness, idolatry, lying, stealing, fornication, drunkenness, extortion, revenge, pride, cheating, sabbath-breaking, disobedience, &c.*

O range and search in every arch,
  And cellar round about;
Search low and high, with hue and cry,
  To find those rebels out.

I'm satisfy'd they do reside
  Somewhere within the Town;
Therefore no doubt you'll find them out,
  By searching up and down.

Search carefully, then, by and by,
  We'll have them by the crown;
If you will join, with my design,
  We'll drive them out of town.

On trial them we will condemn,
  The sentence we will give;
Them execute without dispute,
  Not being fit to live.

* * * * * *

This fact I trust, with reason just,
  We all did share in it;
The cause hath been each crying sin
  We wickedly commit.

Both young and old, your house behold,
  A flaming torch to see;
May this to all, both great and small,
  A warning beacon be.

An awful sight, in woful plight,
  For us to look upon;
Almost or quite in ashes white,
  To the foundation stone.

Our powder stock kept under lock,
  With flints and bullets were;
By dismal blast soon swiftly cast
  Into the open air.

The tolling bell that used to tell,
  When meeting time drew near;
The flames confound its tolling sound,
  No more for us to hear.

This house, I'm told, liv'd while as old
  As three score years and ten;
As martyr died, yet did abide
  The stated age of men.

This awful stroke hath loudly spoke,
  All people pray give ear;
Behold herein the fruit of sin,

This well may teach our sins do reach
  Unto the clouds or higher;
God from on high doth testify
  His wrath in flames of fire.

This shows in part our own desert,
  Let flaming lecture tell;
If not repent, we shall be sent
  Into the flames of hell.

Let us return, or we shall burn
  In future world of doom;
Let's warning take, escape to make
  And flee from wrath to come.

A DEDICATION POEM ON OUR NEW MEETING-HOUSE.

Since you, of late, have built in state
  A house where beauty shines
It seemeth meet I should complete,
  And offer a few lines.

To signify to you thereby
  My thoughts upon the same;
Prescribe a way, most likely may,
  Secure it from the flame.

It seemeth just I should at first
  At the foundation stop;
Though I intend, before I end,
  To reach the steeple top.

And by the way, what I would say,
  'Tis a foundation strong;
As far as I can yet espy,
  It may continue long.

As I have thought to rise aloft,
  My purpose to pursue,
You may expect in this effect
  The higher works to view.

Those that pass by, who cast an eye,
  In viewing of the same,
May boldly say, this building may
  The workman's skill proclaim.

In curious plight both red and white,
  With paint so varnish'd neat;
It praise aloud may all the crowd,
  As passing through the street.

Whoever views the stately pews,
  The pulpit and the seats,
Proclaims at will the workman's skill,
  His faithfulness he greets.

The sounding board might well afford
  To yield the workman praise;
Trimm'd off so smart, the workman's art
  It wond'rously displays.

The steeple top, tho' strong with prop,
  With studs and braces round,
A fiery spark, brought in the dark,
  May fetch it to the ground.

Remember ye, this house who see
  Of magnitude and fame,
In three hours space may be laid waste,
  By a consuming flame.

Your house of state, O dedicate,
  Its safety to procure,
To God; for none but he alone
  Can keep it safe and sure!

That is the way, I dare to say,
  It longest to enjoy;
For his strong arm can 'fend off harm,
  That would the house destroy.

Except the Lord the house doth ward,
  Its safety to maintain;
No mortal man preserve it can,
  Such keepers are in vain.

Serve ye the Lord with one accord,
  With upright hearts I pray;
So you'll expect he will protect
  Your house both night and day.

Your house of fame, the burning flame
  May it be rescued from;
May it endure for service pure,
  For many years to come.

At death may you be brought into
  A better in its room;
Which mortal blow can ne'er o'erthrow,
  Nor burning flame consume.

May all the best of blessings rest
  On you on every side;
To age and youth may grace and truth
  Be always multiplied.

AN ACROSTIC.

P RAY let these broken lines with you
A kind acceptance find;
U pon this mournful theme in view
L et fixed be your mind.

T o keep alive in memory
O ur sad calamities;
R emember we may quickly die,
R eturn to dust likewise.
E ach one for death, O now prepare,
Y ou may be seized unaware.

In seventeen hundred fifty one,
  What I shall now declare,
In *Weymouth* yet was never known,
  Since it that name did bear.

I beg you, friends and neighbors, hark;
  If you desire to hear
What is most worthy your remark
  In that great dying year.

On April twenty-third it was,
  The evening of the same;
Our meeting-house it was, alas!
  Consumed in a flame.

Great is our sin that doth begin
  To move God's wrathful ire!
That he should thus so deal with us,
  As to contend by fire.

Should I in silence now abide,
  In such a mournful day,
My talent in a manner hide,
  This would but sloth betray.

O let me rather now refuse
  In silence to remain;
And summon up my mournful muse
  Unto a mournful strain.

Therein to eye the hand of God,
  O let us be so wise;
Now we have felt the smarting rod
  That sorely doth chastise.

The Lord to anger we provok'd,
  We may infer from hence;
That we do feel an awful stroke,
  The *throat-ail* pestilence;

Sent to the youth here in the town,
  It briefly was, alas!
Great numbers were by death cut down,
  And withered up like grass.

The neighboring towns with us likewise
  Have had a mournful share,
To keep alive in memory
  That dreadful dying year.

In losing relatives have I
  With mourners had a share,
To keep alive in memory
  That dreadful dying year.

Three uncles and two aunts I had,
  Of whom it may be said,
In fourteen days' short space, O sad,
  They're numbered with the dead.

The house where two of them did dwell,
  Death did make desolate;
An instance we can really tell,
  In years of elder date.

In house together they did dwell,
  Nigh sixty years' long space;
In three days' time, the dismall dell
  Became their lonely place.

To us by bonds of nature ty'd,
  To them related stood;
O may their deaths be sanctify'd
  For our eternal good.

Let us, their friends that still survive,
  Be thankful to the Lord,
Who hath preserved us alive,
  His praises to record.

When many friends and neighbors near
  Were hurl'd into the grave,
We still survive that dying year,
  And yet a standing have.

In God the Lord let us rejoice,
  Who lengthens out our days;
O let us all unite our voice
  To give Jehovah praise.

Two of our deacons* here did die,
  In less than four days' space;
Each left for others to supply
  Their empty seat and place.

A man of note † all round about
  This town who dwelt therein,
Who many years in great affairs
  Hath much improved been;

By death's cut down, though of renown,
  In honor raised high.
Thus high and low, death's mortal blow
  Brings levelly to lie.

We may behold both young and old,
  To death all subject be;
From death's arrest, nor worst nor best
  Exempted are, or free.

When as the *throat-ail* plague assuaged,
  A *fever's* sent, alas!
To seize of those of elder age,
  To cut them down like grass.

So cruel death be doth arrest
  Those who are old and gray,
Yea, tender infants from the breast
  Doth often snatch away.

How great the number and the sum
  Laid in their winding sheets!
Thus goeth man to his long home,
  And mourners walk the streets.

Some in the town have written down
  Death's melancholy score,
Which by account has this amount,
  One hundred forty-four.

Scarce anything but heavy news
  From all we see and meet;
Great numbers in their mournful hues
  Do walk about the street.

Unto the wounding of our heart,
  This *throat-ail*, mortal ill,
Seem'd to depose the doctor's art,
  And other human skill.

To cure these dying mortal wounds,
  So passing all compare,
Is there no balm in *Gilead* found?
  Nor a physician there?

By other new repeated loss,
  Some of their children dear,
How could they choose under this cross
  But overflow in tears?

Some who had children four or five,
  Of most they were bereft,
Some one, [illegible] remain'd alive,
  [illegible]

Yea, further [illegible] yet more sad,
  Now have I to declare;
Some lost their children, all they had,
  And written childless were.

Thus were they left to weep and mourn
  With sorrows wounded deep;
Their organ into mourning turn'd,
  And voice of them that weep.

What cause of grief this people have,
  And hanging down the head,
To see the num'rous gaping graves
  Thus swallow up the dead?

* * * * * * *

O learn from hence not to despise,
  Such as deformed are;
On t'other hand, not over-prize
  The beautiful and fair.

For death shall both them level lay,
  As plac'd on equal terms,
To serve a banquet or a prey,
  To feast the crawling worms.

Before I proceed any further, let me stop to make a short lamentation ELEGY, particularly for the town of WEYMOUTH.

Lam. i. 12: Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord has afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. Jer. ix. 20, 21: Teach your daughters wailing, and every one her neighbor lamentation, for death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets.

LAMENT, lament, with garments rent,
  For those in dust are laid;
O lay aside what humors pride;
  In sackcloth be array'd.

More proper hue for open view,
  Than silk and scarlet dress;
To teach thereby humility,
  In this our deep distress.

O *Weymouth* town, where is thy crown,
  Thy rosy youthful bloom?
Thy hoary heads in dusty beds,
  And youth are both entomb'd.

There left to sleep in silence deep,
  No more awake shall they;
Till trumpet's sound is heard around,
  To warn the Judgment Day.

When sounding loud, Christ on a cloud,
  Shall the great Judge appear;
Attended then with angel's train,
  So judgment will draw near.

Before whose face the hills give place,
  The mountains quaking fled;
At whose command the sea and land
  Shall render back their dead.

Then summon'd near all shall appear
  Before his judgment seat;
Sentence shall pass, according as
  Their conscience book is writ.

If what is writ doth them acquit
  From sin's condemning score,
Eternal bliss their portion is,
  And pleasures evermore.

On trial past if they are cast,
  In hell condemned to lie;
To feel the smart of their desert
  To all eternity.

O dreadful case and woful place,
  A double dreadful doom;
Take warning then, O sons of men,
  And flee from wrath to come.

* Deacon Thomas White, and Deacon Benjamin Shaw.
† Adam Cushing [illegible]

SIR JAMES BROOKE ON THE PLATFORM.

THE Mayor of Liverpool entertained Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, on Monday, and invited the leading shipowners and magnates to meet him, in order that he might have an opportunity of urging them to impress on the government the desirability of securing possession of Sarawak. This he did in an after-luncheon speech. After describing how he went to Sarawak, and what he did there, how disorder had been repressed, commerce encouraged and protected, and the natives placed in circumstances of prosperity, he set forth the political and commercial advantages which the possession of Sarawak will tend to confer upon the empire. He urged them to recommend her Majesty's Government to adopt a policy which would redound to the honor and advantage of England, and confer lasting blessings upon the inhabitants of the north-west coast of Borneo.

In the evening Rajah Brooke addressed a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; the Bishop of Chester in the chair. Sir James expressed his full confidence that India will be evangelized, but that it will only be effected in His good time to whom "one day is as a thousand years." In India we have religions to contend with on which no impression whatever has yet been made, and "that is the truth."

"With the Mahomedan you have made no progress; with the Hindoo you have made no progress at all; you are just where you were the very first day that you went to India. And I say again that the object will be effected, but you must wait God's own time to effect it. It is not by any sudden flood of zeal that you will do it now, more than zealous men have done it before; but by patience, and wisdom, and the gentle teaching of that love which our religion inculcates, that we must, and may, and will in time lead to the conversion of India."

With this preface he described his own exertions to promote Christianity in Borneo. Having called in missionaries, his first step was to collect the chiefs and assure them that he did not intend to interfere with their religion except at their own wish, "for I hold toleration in its widest sense to be the root of Christianity."

"Well, I called the chiefs of Sarawak together. I told them exactly what I had done, and I told them likewise that the gentlemen who had come would endeavor, with all charity, and in all simple and kindly feeling, to meet their views and their feelings, and to expound merely the religion of Christ to them, which they might accept or reject as it might please themselves. Upon this, the chief man, a Mahomedan, said to me, 'Yes, sir, we quite understand, and we quite believe what you have said. You will not interfere with our religion, and we have no particular wish to belong to your religion; but it does appear to me, sir, a very unreasonable thing, in a country where there are many thousands of people, and you are only ten or twelve people. Now, don't you think it would be a much more natural mode of procedure that you ten or twelve Christians should become Mahomedans, and then we can all live very peaceably together?' (Laughter.) I declined this proposition; but, as I said before, from that day to this we have not had any unkindly feeling whatever; but I must tell you this at the same time, that exactly in the same proportion as the Christian has been earnest, the Mahomedan has been earnest too. When there were only half-a-dozen Christians in the country, when their devotions were necessarily in their own houses and in private, there was no Mahomedan mosque at all. You never saw a Mahomedan say his prayers, which he is bound by his religion to do five times a day, in public; but directly our church arose, and the bell rang to give warning that service time was come, directly our services were attended upon, up started Mahomedan mosques: five times a day did the Mahomedans pray, and the large drum, on which they beat at service time, was sounded." So with the Mahomedans; but with the Dyaks it is different. They have no religion, only some faint tradition. "You ask these men, 'If you die, what will become of you?' and they say, 'Who knows?' 'But do you not know? Have you never heard? Are there no traditions of your tribes?' 'Well, yes, there are traditions; but you had better go and ask some of our old men about it, because we know nothing.' That is about the extent of what you can gain from them." He gave an instance. "An old friend of mine, a Dyak chief, whom I knew, for some years, came into my library, and seated himself in an easy chair, and seemed as though he wanted to converse. I took no notice of him for some time, but ultimately asked him what was the matter. He said, 'I have got something very particular to tell you—something very particular indeed.' 'Well, and pray what may it be? Is there any apprehension? Has any oppression been visited upon you? Have the laws been broken?' 'No, no, not that; but it is something very particular. I want to ask you a question. I know that you have got a book (meaning the Bible) and I want to ask you a question. Now, the question is, when the Dyaks die, will they be turned into firewood?' I tell you to-night the exact words the man used to me. I explained to him that, in my opinion, most certainly not; that if they were good men, doing the law of God, according to their own light, I do not believe that God would punish them. He told me he said that because some Malays had told him that they had got a book, and that, according to it, every one who did not believe in it, and do what was right, especially the Dyaks, would be turned into firewood, after death, and burnt (laughter). There was reason in that man, and he asked, 'What sort of a God have those Malays got? I have always taken care of the strangers who came to my house; never man came to my house but what I lodged and fed him. I have always done my duty, and paid taxes to the government, but we have been murdered—our wives and children have been taken away; we have been ill-used and driven into the jungle, and yet we are to be burned, and the Malay, who has murdered our wives and our children, and carried them into slavery, is to be saved!' I thought the poor heathen without his book had the best of the argument, but I deemed it best, seeing some impression had been made on his mind, to recommend him to go to a dear friend of mine, the Bishop of Lahore, who was then resident at Sarawak, to open the subject to him. He went, and that man, after a month, together with thirty other families, was converted to Christianity." These things show the difficult nature of the work to be performed. How to perform it? "*To live with the natives, to know his everyday life, even his everyday associations, to know his family, his children; to show the births, the deaths and the marriages in the country—this was the way to effect good. When we mix ourselves in the social relations of the natives so intimately as this, then we are in a fair way, and then only, for effecting the conversion of the people. But so long as you are divided, so long as there is this barrier of white and black, the 'colored,' as people are pleased to call it, and the 'discolored'—which, I suppose, we are (laughter)—so long as these ... remain, so long as we give cause for these feelings by a mere difference of color, a mere difference of language, a mere difference of civilization, it cannot be that we are in a way to convert the natives. As long as this separation exists, as long as there are barriers of black and white raised up, the work is but begun.*"

This interesting speech was heard with great attention, and loud applause broke forth at its close.—*London Spectator.*

GEORGE COMBE.

OF a life so uniformly laborious, yet undiversified by striking incidents—as the lives of men of thought, as distinguished from men of action, are apt to be—the record must be written at length to be well understood or appreciated. This will no doubt by-and-by be accomplished in the case of our lamented friend by a biographer, or biographers, amply competent, through knowledge and admiration, to undertake such labor of love. It is only, therefore, as a matter of convenience that our remarks partake of the biographical form.

George Combe was born in Edinburgh in the year 1788. He was one of a family of seventeen children, most of whom were, like himself, born and brought up at Livingston's Yards, where his father followed his calling as a brewer. This locality was obliterated from the map of the city by the formation, some thirty years ago, of the Castle Terrace and new approaches at the south-west side of the Castle Rock. Mr. Combe's parents belonged to families who had occupied for several generations very respectable positions in the middle class of life. They were persons of more than average intellect, and of education such as was considered at that day adequate in their station, though not by any means sufficient to develop or stimulate their naturally robust and active minds. To this circumstance is attributable in a great degree the course of self-instruction which George Combe found necessary in all matters beyond the limited, the almost elemental range of thought current in the domestic circle. Not that such ordinary education as Scottish schools and Colleges afford was neglected; he had advantage of both to a degree rather above than under the standard usual at the time and in his condition; but his active and speculative intellect, not content with mastering the rules of Adam's Grammar, or evolving the problems of Euclid, very early busied itself with questions of far wider range, and grappled with difficulties of a far more subtle and ethereal nature. From childhood, in fact, he was a philosopher. With little sympathy in his philosophizings, he thought and labored at the great problems of existence alone and unaided, save by books, the unfailing friends of the reflective. Thus he went on doubting, searching, learning and believing; self-taught, and only after long years of inquiry and thought becoming self-reliant. It was from going through such probation for himself that he was enabled to become the trusted counsellor and guide of his brother Andrew, who in his entrance on life found George, who was nine years his senior, in all things an invaluable friend, ready to aid him over the ruggedness of the path he had himself so painfully traversed. There is scarcely in the range of literature a more interesting account of the struggles of a naturally powerful and independent mind to escape rigid and unreasonable trammels, and to breathe in "an ampler ether, a diviner air," than that which George Combe has given of his early life in the introduction to the last edition of his "Science and Religion." It is clear and candid as it is modest and unaffected; earnest and solemn as it is free from enthusiasm or cant.

After passing through the special studies and apprenticeship usual in such cases, Mr. George Combe may be said to have entered on the duties and responsibilities of active life in 1812, when he became a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet. He pursued his profession with energy and success for upwards of twenty years, and his training and practice as a lawyer no doubt confirmed and matured his natural habits of order and precision. These habits he carried into everything to which he put his hand, and they enabled him to accomplish with comparative ease, and even in weak health, an extraordinary amount of labor, literary and practical, without encroaching on the time required either for rational recreation or social duty. Hence also he was able even at the busiest period of his legal career to keep up with the progress of speculation and intelligence; and it was only the natural result of his tendency to physiological investigation that he should be attracted by the novelty of the views and systems of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim when these were first fairly promulgated in this country in 1816. Two years afterwards Mr. Combe made his first appearance as a phrenologist—and, we believe, as an author—in a series of papers on the new science of mind contributed to a now defunct publication entitled the "Literary and Statistical Magazine for Scotland." These papers were collected and published in a separate volume in 1819, under the title of "Essays on Phrenology"; and in 1825 they were again republished, in a revised and improved form, as "A System of Phrenology." It is in this work that Mr. Combe's fame as an apostle of the system chiefly rests; it has passed through several editions and been reprinted in various forms. His still more striking and popular book, "The Constitution of Man," had its origin in a somewhat similar manner in some papers read to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh in the beginning of 1827. These matured themselves in little more than a year into the very striking and powerful treatise of which, during the thirty years it has been before the world, about a hundred thousand copies have been issued in Great Britain alone, besides numerous editions in America, and in French, German and Swedish translations. It is only a few weeks since we noticed the reissue of the work in America, as printed for the use of the blind—a testimony to its practical educational value peculiarly gratifying to its venerable author.

We should far exceed our limits were we to attempt to follow Mr. Combe in his career as an author from work to work—as Dr. Johnson says such a career ought to be followed biographically, an author's life and labors being truly the history of his books, their production and reception. A mere mention of the works of Mr. Combe now in circulation, and all the product of some thirty years, sufficiently proves that he was a prolific as well as a popular author; and, as his productions are invariably made up of solid materials, carefully collected, digested, arranged, and illustrated, they offer an equally striking testimony to the indomitable industry and perseverance of the man who, often in feeble health, faced and overcame so vast an amount of mental labor. Besides the "System of Phrenology," the "Constitution of Man," and the "Relation between Science and Religion," to which we have had occasion to refer, the list of Mr. Combe's works includes his "Notes on the United States of America," 3 vols.; his "Life and Correspondence" of his brother, Andrew Combe, M.D.; his "Moral Philosophy"; his "Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture"; "Lectures on Popular Education," and about a dozen minor works—educational, physiological, and phrenological. Yet these by no means represent the extent of the labors of his ever active, but always exact and thoughtful, pen. Besides a very extensive correspondence on innumerable topics of high interest and importance, carried on with many of his leading contemporaries—and he numbered among his most familiar and esteemed friends and correspondents men of opinions widely different from his own—he contributed largely to periodical literature. He was one of the founders of the "Phrenological Journal," he edited it for many years (an office afterwards filled by his able and trusted relative Mr. Robert Cox, who has since distinguished himself as an author in other, yet kindred, departments of literature); and his uncollected writings in the *Scotsman* alone would form a very respectable series of volumes. Though we lost no time in acknowledging the estimation in which we held the contributions of our greatly valued and lamented correspondent and friend, our readers will excuse our here more formally reiterating these acknowledgments. To Mr. Combe they and we have been indebted for very many able and careful expositions of the principles of popular education, penal and reformatory discipline, and other topics of social import, as well as of illustrations of the working of institutions connected with such subjects in this and other countries; the always pleasing and instructive "Letters from the Continent," signed "An Old Traveller," were the fruits of his frequent autumnal tours; and for the admirably clear, sound and popularly instructive articles on the great principles of banking and commerce, which, during the recent and a former commercial crisis, attracted so much attention, we were also mainly indebted to Mr. Combe. These singularly clear and forcible expositions of the true foundations on which an honest monetary and trading system must be based, being reprinted in pamphlet form, ran so rapidly out of print that the calculations of the publisher were quite baffled by the urgency and continuance of the demand. And it is but right that we should mention that Mr. Combe, while a most willing and obliging, was also a most conscientiously considerate, contributor to these columns; always ready to aid, he was far from urging us to the adoption of opinions with which our own did not coincide, or to the propagation even of such special views as he was most zealously interested about.

But even in the accomplishment of so vast an amount of work of the brain and the pen, Mr. Combe was by no means chained to the desk as a mere scholarly recluse. He was a man of the world, recognizing and discharging as became their importance the duties of society and citizenship; he was also a lecturer and a traveller. It was in his vocation for diffusing the principles of his favorite science by oral teaching that his journey to America originated. He spent nearly three years in the United States, lecturing in many of their chief towns and cities, and studying their manners and institutions. In his "Notes on the United States" he eagerly acknowledged and almost enthusiastically admired the many admirable qualities of that great people, but to their weaknesses and failings eyes so clear and penetrating as his could not of course be blind; and, while he praises, he censures with not less candor and force of phrase. Mr. Combe indeed contemplated lecturing on Phrenology in Germany, and with that view, during a residence in Mannheim in the winter of 1841–2, made such exertions to acquire a thorough mastery of the German language as seriously affected his health, and brought on an illness that induced the abandonment of the attempt. It is thoroughly significant of the ardor and perseverance of his character to find him thus at upwards of fifty years of age laboring so to perfect his knowledge of a foreign tongue as to enable him to address, in their own language, a people so cultivated and critical as the Germans on a system originally and peculiarly their own. But whatever Mr. Combe did he did with all his might, pausing only when considerations of duty to himself, as well as to his friends, forbade too continuous and prolonged labor. He did deliver one course of lectures in German at Heidelberg; and though, from the cause referred to, therefore, Mr. Combe's journeys and residence on the Continent were not, generally speaking, immediately devoted to the spread of his philosophy, the knowledge he acquired of the leaders and of the course of opinion throughout Europe was of much value, and was always turned to good account. His mind was always open to new impressions; he was to the last an eager inquirer and an apt scholar; he picked up information by the wayside, and gathered rich harvests of knowledge from fields that ill-prepared traversers might have pronounced barren from Dan to Beersheba. Thus even in the quiet summer tours in the country of the Rhine, in Switzerland, or in France, which of late years he took mainly with a view to the preservation of his always more or less delicate health, he kept himself alive to, and noted with pleasure, every indication of progress, agricultural, commercial or social.

Mr. Combe married in 1833; his wife, a daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, survives to mourn the utterly irreparable loss of her twenty-five years' companion. It is not for us here to intrude on the sacred privacy of an irreproachable and singularly happy domestic life; the widow has the sincerest sympathy of all who have known the wife; and it is only those who knew our departed friend with familiar intimacy who could guess the depth and warmth of the social affections that glowed beneath that always placid, almost cold, exterior. By all his relations Mr. Combe was loved as he was revered; he was the affectionate councillor and unassuming benefactor of a circle that loses in him its centre and chief bond of union. The humblest member amongst those who claimed kindred with him was never overlooked by a man who was honored—in his later years, at least—with flattering attentions from many high in social, no less than in literary rank, and whose multiform occupations alone might have passed as excuse for forgetfulness or neglect. In friendship Mr. Combe was attached, sincere, and, if occasion required, zealous, in no ordinary degree. Yet he was as considerate as he was earnest in his service; his attentions were as delicate as they were estimable. He spared no exertion to benefit those he loved; he was limited in his efforts in their behalf only by those honorable considerations of which the neglect leads to officiousness or jobbery. He was thus careful never to allow a "private friendship to become a public mischief." Without any of the offensiveness of patronage, he joyfully recognized and encouraged youthful talent of every kind, and respected and admired ability in every department of intellectual exertion. Hence, as we have already said, the hospitality he so widely and liberally exercised was catholic as it was cordial; the social meetings under his roof were no mere gatherings of a little clique or coterie—they took in the entire range which the society of Edinburgh affords, supplemented, as our society is from time to time, from many wide and varied regions.

The great rule of Mr. Combe's life may be said to have been a sense of DUTY, in the highest and widest acceptance of the word. He was, in his own sphere, as conscientious a worker, we might almost say worshipper, under the sway of that stern and beneficent genius as Wellington was in his generally very different, but in this respect, at least, similar career. Every act was one of principle, every duty truly a religious duty. It is yet premature, nor is this perhaps the place, to attempt to estimate the influence that his life so ruled, and his labors so directed, will ultimately exercise on his fellow-men. He labored always for their material, moral, intellectual, and—we make bold even to add—for their religious welfare and advancement; it was one of the blessings he enjoyed towards the close of a career not destitute of serious discouragements and difficulties, any more than it was ultimately of honor and rewards, that he saw his work prospering under his hand, and could point, with becoming and worthy pride and satisfaction, to the manifold increase of the good seed which in earlier days he had gone forth to sow supported only by his own strong love of truth. Indeed, it may be questioned whether, in his later writings, Mr. Combe fully appreciated the extent of that ripening of public opinion to which he had, himself so largely contributed, for with distrust, natural to every earnest mind he sometimes reiterated principles after they had found almost universal acceptance. This was, in fact, a sort of evidence of the modesty of his nature; "he was greater than he knew"; had done more than he gave himself credit for, had exercised a wider, deeper, fuller influence than he could well believe. And however mistaken or extreme some of his views may be, few will now question that that influence was mainly for good; or that when temporary jealousies are forgotten, and when his errors of opinion can be calmly weighed and rejected by a public uninflamed by the ecclesiastical and other controversies of his own day, the name of GEORGE COMBE will maintain an honored and unquestioned place in the still too scanty yet increasingly illustrious roll of benefactors of the human race.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

SAVONAROLA.

LONG before the dawn of civilization had made much progress in our own country, Italy presented a happy and flourishing aspect. The industrial arts attained great perfection on the banks of the Arno, centuries before a shuttle was plied on the banks of the Clyde or the Irwell, and the click of the silk loom might be heard in the cities of Lombardy when the clang of arms was the prevailing sound in the islands of Great Britain. But this glow of civilization in Italy was as short as it was splendid. The base of it, liberty—that is, religious as well as political and social liberty—was resting on insecure foundations, and broke down at the first approach of that great intellectual insurrection which came from the North, and which we call the Reformation. That was the turning-point of Italian, not less than of French, of German, of British, history. For Italy, and France, and Germany, and Great Britain, all, at the same time, had the question asked of them—Will you, or will you not, have the truth? Italy and France answered, No; Great Britain and the best part of Germany answered, Yes. And ever since that answer have France and Italy been retrograding from their former height; France producing successive generations of despots, anarchists and sceptics, Italy nothing but priests, lazzaroni, opera-singers, and art-dilettanti. The penalty of neglect of the eternal laws of truth and justice is strangely exemplified in the fate of these two great nations.

There was no want of warning voices to foretell this fate. Italy, above all, had many great and noble souls, ready, nay eager to speak the truth, and, if necessary, to die for it. As far back as the latter end of the twelfth century, a spirit of religious inquiry had appeared in Italy. Sharon Turner, in his "History of England," says that it had been brought from the East by the labor of a few earnest men; but, however that may be, so much is certain, that this spirit showed itself nearly at the same time in Germany, Flanders, England, Italy and France, and that the men who had obtained access to the Scriptures imbibed the same conviction, and lived the same lives, though in different countries they assumed different names. The commencing strong resistance to Papacy is clearly visible in Chaucer as well as in Dante, and their contemporaneous German, French, and Flemish brethren of the lyre; and the fires of the Dominican persecution, which had been lighted to destroy the Albigenses of Languedoc and Provence, and the heretics of Bohemia, had served only to scatter through Europe the embers of inquiry.

It was in this wondrous era of new thought that there arose a champion in Italy to vindicate the rising spirit of the South: a monk of Bologna, Girolamo Savonarola, a man in many respects not unlike his more famed successor, the monk of Wittenberg. Girolamo Savonarola, born on the 1st September, 1452, had a mind such as Italy needed at that period, for with the greatest simplicity of manners he united the highest eloquence as preacher. When disgusted with the dissolute life of the inhabitants of his convent, he left the town on foot; and on foot he traversed the mountain range which separates the plain of Bologna from the valley of the Arno. Weary, footsore, and faint through fasting, he, soon after, sank exhausted by the road-side, and in this condition was discovered by a good Samaritan, who raised him up, recruited his strength, and conveyed him to the gates of Florence, which he entered a homeless pilgrim, but which, in less than a month, he filled with the blaze of his name. On Sunday, the 1st of August, 1490, he made his appearance in the pulpit of San Marco, and began to deliver expositions on the Apocalypse to, at first, a small audience, but which soon increased to an enormous assemblage, so that, in the Lent of the following year, he had to remove to the Church of San Lorenzo:

"The large Church of San Lorenzo was thronged with hearers. The citizen might be observed seated beside the scholar, and the student alongside of the burgher. The marked features and high-beaked nose of Politian, the pale and still youthful face of Pico, appeared among the dark olive countenances of the Tuscan peasants. The scene has been painted by an eye-witness. He has described to us the masses of men, crowding the church from an early hour, and waiting patiently for the preacher's arrival, filling every side chapel from which a view of the pulpit could be caught, and clinging to the Corinthian pillars, that over the heads of the crowd they might catch a view of the orator. He has told us of the fixed attention, the breathless silence, and, when the orator paused, the low hum of assent. More significant still was the obedience. If the preacher condemned the costly dress and ornaments of the women, they were seen hurrying, after the sermon, from the church, to strip off their jewels and give them to the poor. If he condemned the sharp practice of the tradesmen and the usury of the merchants, these new Zacchæuses [illegible] counters, humbled and conscience-stricken, to offer a [illegible] ling restitution.

"We turn with curiosity to [illegible] oratory so remarkable in its effects. [illegible] record, and the fact is interesting. [illegible] One thing [illegible] wherein lay the preacher's power. Savonarola had [illegible] conclusion by his own experience. He had reached [illegible] failed. They had been made with an indistinct utter[ance] and an ungainly manner. He had labored to correct [illegible] he had acquired a manner of singular grace, and he subdued into modulation a voice naturally powerful.

"But he had learned a more important lesson conc[erning] the style and matter of his discourse. In his sermons he had borrowed largely from the stores of le[arning] which he had laid up in his studies, and with w[hich] it was the habit of the Dominican preachers to inter[lard] their discourses. 'But,' he says, 'when I preached [the] subtle teachings of human wisdom, I remarked impati[ence] depicted on the countenances of the hearers'; and [this] impatience was not confined to the vulgar, but wa[s] visible on the faces of the educated. He learned an[other] lesson: 'When I enlarged on the majesty of Holy W[rit] all eyes were turned towards me with admiring atten[tion] fixed as statues.' The Bible, and appeals to the [con]science, became henceforth his weapons. Learned pre[ach]ers he likened to the mourners employed, when the da[ugh]ter of the house lay dead, to play plaintive airs that p[roved] powerless over the corpse. 'These divines,' he says, [are] continually in the presence of souls without life, and fancy they can raise them by their subtleties and l[earn]ing; and yet, not only are the dead not raised, but [the] living soul is slain. It is only when the Savior e[nters] and sends forth these fine performers, and their tumult[uous] crowd, that the voice of power is heard, and life retu[rns.']

"Not less clear is his judgment on the subject of [out]ward ceremonies. Relics and crosses, costly chalice[s], candelabra, hangings on the walls, ornaments on the [altar], organs and singers, gorgeous masses and pictur[es], vespers, are the instruments by which, in his time, p[riests] sought to work a moral resurrection, and they f[ailed]. 'What is wanted,' he says, 'is, not to teach men to [build] hospitals or monasteries, to gather relics and pr[actise] rites—they must be taught how to live, how to suffe[r] and crosses and patience. Their doubts must be rem[oved] and they must learn how, in their lives, to serve Go[d to] this end. We need not riches in the church, but i[n the] character of the minister. The chalice may be woo[d, but] the priest should be of gold.'"

The people rejoiced in having found an exposi[tor of] their feelings, and Savonarola went on from trium[ph to] triumph, until at last the Papal ire reached him, [as it] reached John Huss not long after. Committed to [prison] for sedition by the terrified magistrate of Florenc[e], after a mock trial, presided over by Papal commi[ssion]ers, was condemned to be burnt to death.

"The place fixed for the execution was the great s[quare] near the celebrated Loggia, where he had encounter[ed his] enemies, the Franciscans. Close by rose the huge p[alace] with its quaint tower and battlements, the hall of [which] had been built, at his suggestion, in order to recei[ve the] Council; where, in the brief day of his power, h[e had] often ascended the stairs to address words of fire a[nd fa]vor to the assembled representatives. Now, i[n the] square, which was crowded with a multitude as de[nse as] used to gather for his processions, a gigantic moun[d was] raised to the height of twenty feet, on which was p[laced a] collection of fagots and combustibles, with a [stake] placed near. The mound was connected, by a temporary bridge, with the balcony in front of the [hall] in which were seated the magistrates. Down the palace stairs the monk and his two companions wer[e led] to descend; and there they were stripped of thei[r robes] retaining only their woolen shirts. Savonarola sof[tly felt a] momentary pang, when the friar's cowl, so long ch[erished] by him, was torn away; but he soon recovered [himself,] and he had the comfort of hearing from his timid [compa]nion, Fra Silvestro, that he too was ready for dea[th.]

"As the victims walked along the bridge to the [mound,] the boys amused themselves by thrusting pointe[d sticks] through the openings in the loose planks, and p[ricking] their bare feet and naked legs. When they reach[ed the] mound, they were degraded by the Bishop of Vais[on, and] cut off from the Church triumphant and militant. [Savo]narola's answer was, 'From the Church militan[t, yes,] but from the Church triumphant, no; that d[oes not] belong to you.' He continued to the last his w[ords] to those who approached him, that they would p[repare] by repentance, for coming troubles. He rejec[ted the] false trust which one priest suggested to him—reli[ance on] the good works which he had performed. He [refused] all ascription of human praise, 'as a sinful man st[anding] in need of it, nor is this life a time for praise.' [Relying] on the merits of his Redeemer, he avowed his read[iness to] give his life for the love of him."

Thus died, on the 23d of May, 1498, at the [age of] forty-seven, Girolamo Savonarola; and with him, [we may] well say, died Italian liberty of conscience, and [the hope] of Italian progress. Henceforth and ever since, i[rrespon]sible popes and rulers, all more or less of the s[tamp of] King Bomba, come to hold sway in the unhapp[y coun]try; their nefarious reigns only now and then inte[rrupted] by as nefarious insurrections and thoughtless m[ovements.] Too late: the great call for reform having be[en] made and not responded to, will never be made [again.] —*London Statesman: Extracts from Colquhoun's "Italy and France in the Olden Time."*

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